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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Voyage to Cochín China.* By John White, Lieutenant in the United States Navy. 8vo. pp. 372. London 1824. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Co.

THOUGH we have, of late years, received more information relative to the Eastern parts of the world, than we have been in the habit of obtaining since the era of the early missionary publications; yet every new volume adds something of interest to the stock, and the present work is not deficient in that respect. Written in rather an indifferent style, and with some obvious exaggerations,\* there are, nevertheless, many curious particulars told by Lieutenant White, and with the most prominent of these we shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted.

Though bearing a commission in the American navy, the Expedition, of which the author here gives an account, was performed in 1819, in a merchantman, the first, he tells us, that ever ascended the Don-nai river and displayed the stars and stripes before the city of Saigon.

Overpassing the earlier incidents of the voyage, we shall at once introduce the Cochín Chinese at Canjeo, the first port on the Don-nai at which the vessel put in.

"On our first interview (says the author) with the natives of the country, we were much surprised to find their manners so different from what we had been led to expect from the accounts we had had of them, and could only reconcile the discordance by a supposition that the inhabitants of the coast, being remote from the example of the more polished residents of the cities, must of course be less civilized; but as we became more acquainted, and their characters were proportionably developed, we were convinced that the Cochín Chinese were in many respects but little removed from a state of deplorable barbarism.

"The military chief was a withered, grey-headed old man, possessing however a great deal of vivacity, tinctured with a leaven of savage childishness, which in spite of his

\* Ex. Gr. "At the commencement of our repast, the viceroy attended us, with a bottle of the liquor we had presented him in our hand, and a glass in the other, with which he pled us with but little intermission till we begged for quarters, on which he granted us a truce from this form of well meant, but obtrusive, hospitality. His anxiety, however, that we should reap the full fruition of the pleasures before us, again pressed into his services his manual powers, and he proceeded with his fingers to cram our mouths with a heterogeneous assemblage of fish, fowl, rice, pilaw, curry, pork, potatoes, sugar-plum, &c., without any regard to order or decency, till our eyes began to start from their sockets, while the big tears coursed in rapid succession over our distressed cheeks."

"Locusts." "I have passed for hours under swarms of these pests, while riding in the country, and have not unfrequently, for half an hour at a time, been sheltered from the rays of a tropical sun by bodies of them in a thick army," the air assuming the appearance of twilight, or rather that awful, silent, and oppressive gloom, which is occasioned by a total eclipse of the sun. Fortunately this is not the case every year, and many years have sometimes elapsed without an invasion from the locusts."

affection of great state and ceremony, would constantly break out, and afford us infinite amusement. He had several attendants, who were perfectly subservient and promptly obedient to all his orders, yet we observed that on all other occasions the greatest familiarity subsisted between them. One of the attendants carried a huge umbrella, with which he followed the old man to all parts of the ship, where his curiosity or caprice led him, and when invited into the cabin, he would not descend without the umbrella, as tenacious was he of every circumstance of state and appearance. Another attendant was a handsome boy of about fifteen years of age, who carried in two blue silk bags connected with a piece of cotton cloth, and thrown over his shoulder, the areka nut, betel leaf, chunan and tobacco, of which they chew immense quantities; and so universal is this custom among them, that I never saw a man of any rank or respectability without one of these attendants. They also smoke segars made of cut tobacco, rolled in paper wrappers, like the Portuguese, from whom probably they adopted this custom. Another servant carried his fan; and our risibility was not a little excited on seeing the old fellow grunting about the deck, peeping into the cook's coppers, embracing the sailors on the fore-castle, dancing, grinning, and performing many other comic tricks, followed by the whole train of fanners, umbrella bearers, and chunan boys, (for the attendants of the other chiefs had joined in the procession,) with the most grave deportment and solemn viages, performing their several functions.

"The dress of the chiefs consisted of a very short and coarse cotton shirt, which had been originally white; trousers of black crape, very wide, without waistbands, and secured round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; a tunic of black or blue silk, the lapel folding over the breast and buttoning on the opposite shoulder, which, as well as the shirt, had a very low collar, buttoned close round the neck, and reaching nearly to the knees; coarse wooden sandals; a turban of black crape, surmounted by a hat made of palm leaves, in the form of a very obtuse cone; a ring for the insertion of the head underneath, and secured under the chin with a string. The style of the dress of the attendants was similar to that of the mandarin, but of much coarser materials.

"In person the Cochín Chinese are perhaps somewhat smaller than their neighbours the Malays, and of the same colour, though generally not so well formed; their constant habit of chewing areka imparts to their mouths a most disgusting appearance; and, what is very remarkable, they never wash their faces and hands, or bodies; for in all other parts of the East frequent ablutions have been thought to indispensable to health and purity, that it is enjoined by their priests as a religious rite, and most scrupulously adhered to, both from duty and inclination.

"The habit of the higher classes, in per-

mitting their nails to grow to an enormous length, cannot be supposed to conduce to cleanliness or comfort; and it is remarkable with what unwearied pains they cultivate them, as a person bearing this badge is supposed not to be obliged to perform any manual labour, and the longer the nails, the more respectability do they confer on the wearer. Their garments are seldom taken off by night or by day, after having been first assumed, excepting in cases of ceremony, when they are temporarily superseded by other dresses, till rotten by time and filth, when they are permitted to fall off of themselves. These dirty habits engender vast swarms of vermin, and render their bodies highly offensive to more than one sense; and the epithet *foamy*, which has been applied to the Chinese, is exemplified in these people in the most emphatic sense."

"On our approach to the shore, our olfactory nerves were saluted with the rankest compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril; and the noises of the place, consisting principally of men, women, children, swine, and mangy dogs, equally filthy and miserable in appearance, lined the muddy banks of this Stygian stream to welcome our landing. With this escort we proceeded immediately to the house of the chief, through several streets, strewn with rotten fish, old boxes, and various other noxious objects, among the fortuitous assemblage of huts, fish-pots, old boats, pig-styes, &c. which surrounded us in every direction; and, in order that no circumstance of ceremony should be omitted, to honour their new guests, a most harmonious concert was immediately struck up by the swarm of little filthy children, in a state of perfect nudity, (which formed part of our procession,) in which they were joined by their parents, and the swine and dogs before mentioned."

At Canjeo, (where the natives are so filthy that the gallant lieutenant thus actually enumerates the swine and dogs in their classification,) great difficulties were thrown in the way of the traders; and indeed their entire intercourse with the country was baffled by the roguery and greed of those with whom they had to deal. Plagued by ceremonies and impositions, the author was, in the first instance, obliged to abandon his purpose of ascending the river to Saigon, one of the capital cities of Cochín China, though the king had, at this period, his residence at Hué, which is situated at the northern extremity of the kingdom. He accordingly sailed again, and coasted along by Cape Turon, &c. but with so little success that he finally changed his course and arrived at Maullis. Previous to this, however, we have an epitome of the history of Cochín, including the civil wars which had desolated it during the preceding thirty years. From this we gather, that though the later sovereigns have seen several revolutions, and become (nominally) tributary to China, yet they have extended their dominions towards Tonquin and augmented their

power. Bishop Adran, a Frenchman, had a large share in these improvements, and since his time the French are the most favoured of the European nations. Vannier, the chief admiral in 1819, was a Frenchman.

Of the Manilla trip we shall notice little. Off Luçonia, the author says—

"The religion of the natives of this and the other islands, who are under the immediate influence of the Spaniards, is Christianity; this is, however, but a small proportion of the population of the whole group, which is said to amount to three millions, of which Luçonia contains nearly one third; and it has been calculated that in this island and Mindanao, where the principal part of the Christians reside, there are one hundred thousand, or about one-thirtieth part of the whole population, of which Manilla and Parian contain about thirteen thousand. The greater part of the residue are Mahomedans, and *Igorotes*, or Pagans.

"The natives of these islands are generally well made, and bear strong marks of activity and muscular vigour; they are in general somewhat larger than the Javanese, and bear some affinity in the features of their faces to the Malays; their noses are, however, more prominent, and their cheekbones not so high, nor are their skins so dark. Their hair is of a jet black, made glossy by the constant application of cocoa-nut oil, as is the custom in all India, and drawn together and knotted on top, in the manner of the Malays. The women display great taste in the arrangement and decorations of their hair, which they secure with silver or gold bodkins, the heads of which are frequently composed of precious stones.

"In the mountains of the province of Bulacan, it is said there is a race of diminutive men, called *Atas* or *Etas*, the tallest of which seldom exceed the height of five feet; they are represented as being very ugly, and it is believed that they are totally without any religious ideas. I was told that they were occasionally seen in the bazars of the interior villages, purchasing cloths, trinkets, &c. for which they pay in lumps of gold ore, which they sometimes find in the mountains, where they live in a savage state, and have but little intercourse with their neighbours."

The rest of the details about Luçonia are made up from various authors; and even where the author purports to be original, we are afraid he has been guilty of pillage and plagiarism. Of this we are certain,—the account of an execution, page 145, is quite familiar to us elsewhere; and it is impossible that two travellers could have seen precisely the same event, and described it in precisely the same words, in two different quarters of the globe. Leaving this matter, however, to be settled by the parties, (for we have not time to examine into it,) we shall return across the China Sea to the river Don-nai, to Canjeo, and to Saigon, up to which the Americans ultimately proceeded; and the portions of the volume which treat of these parts, we shall illustrate by selecting the most remarkable and characteristic quotations. Near Canjeo, a singular natural phenomenon was observed:—

"On standing out of the bay, a number of porpoises of a pink colour, and others which were curiously and variously pied or mottled, with pink, white and brown, were seen playing about us. In regard to form or size, they did not appear to differ from the common river porpoise, but we had never seen any be-

fore of those colours. It is not uncommon to see this species of fish, with spots of white about their heads and bodies, and some are nearly covered with this appearance, which is occasioned by a concrete, animal substance, attaching itself to the cuticle, and gradually spreading over the whole surface, and is probably the cause or effect of disease; but the colours of these fish appear to be inherent, and not the effect of any extraneous operation."

The following, however, is still more extraordinary.

"Our attention was diverted to a new and curious phenomenon. Our ears were saluted by a variety of sounds, resembling the deep bass of an organ, accompanied by the hollow guttural chant of the bull-frog, the heavy chime of a bell, and the tones which imagination would give to an enormous Jew's harp. This combination produced a thrilling sensation on the nerves, and, as we fancied, a tremulous motion in the vessel. The excitement of great curiosity was visible on every white face on board, and many were the sage speculations of the sailors on this occasion. Anxious to discover the cause of this gratuitous concert, I went into the cabin, where I found the noise, which I soon ascertained proceeded from the bottom of the vessel, increased to a full and uninterrupted chorus. The perceptions which occurred to me on this occasion were similar to those produced by the torpedo, or electric eel, which I had before felt. But whether these feelings were caused by the concussion of sound, or by actual vibrations in the body of the vessel, I could neither then, nor since, determine. In a few moments, the sounds, which had commenced near the stern of the vessel, became general throughout the whole length of the bottom."

"Our linguist informed us, that our admiration was caused by a shoal of fish, of a flat oval form, like a flounder, which, by a certain conformation of the mouth, possesses the power of adhesion to other objects in a wonderful degree, and that they were peculiar to the Seven Mouths. But whether the noises we heard were produced by any particular construction of the sonoric organs, or by spasmodic vibrations of the body, he was ignorant. Very shortly after leaving the basin, and entering upon the branch through which our course lay, a sensible diminution was perceived in the number of our musical fellow-voyagers, and before we had proceeded a mile they were no more heard."

On shore, in the habitations of the people—

"Under the houses are enclosures for pigs, ducks, fowls, &c. who receive their sustenance through the floor, which, being quite open, permits the offals of their meals, &c., to pass through, without the trouble of sweeping. The inmates of these filthy hovels are worthy of their habitations: the women are coarse, dingy, and devoid of decency; the children are pot-bellied, and loathsome from dirt, disease, and consequent deformity. The men appear a shade better. . . .

"After having gratified our curiosity, in examining the various objects which were presented to view in the interior of the house, we were reconducted to the veranda, where tea and confectionary were presented us. A female figure of ample proportions and a smiling countenance was our Hebe. She was about sixteen, and a ward of our host. Her father, who was absent, was a native of Macao, and her mother (who was dead) a Cochinese. She was the most

interesting object we had seen among these people; but our feelings of complacency were not a little deranged when, approaching us with her offering of tea and betel, 'we nosed her atmosphere.' She was dressed in black-silk trowsers, and a tunic, or robe, which descended nearly to her ankles. Her hair, glossy with cocoa-nut oil, was tastefully gathered into a knot on the top of her head, which was encircled with a turban of black crape. Her face and neck, guiltless of meretricious ornaments, were, however, decorated with variegated streaks, the accidental accumulation of extraneous matter which had come in contact with them. Her feet were naked and indurated, and the forefinger of each hand was armed with an opaque claw two inches in length.

"Two or three other females, among whom was our hostess, whose dress and appearance did not materially differ from what I have just described, hovered round us with marks of eager curiosity and open mouths, which discovered their straggling fangs, blackened with areka and betel.

"Several mangy and disgusting curs were lying about in every direction, which on our approach set up the most dismal yells, and fled from us with great precipitation, entrenching themselves behind various objects, from whence they regaled us with a continual yelping."

We reserve about as much more, for conclusion in our next.

*Tournay; or, Alaster of Kempencairn.* By the Author of the *Fire-Eater*. Anderson, Edinburgh; and Simpkin & Marshall, London. 12mo. pp. 471. 1824.

Millions breathe but to inherit  
The unconquerable spirit (of scribbling),  
SHOULD be engraved on the title page of every Novel. Daily they come forth, not like lions seeking whom they may devour, but seeking who may devour them; and among these thousands and tens of thousands, it was not more wonderful to find Achilles amid the daughters of Lycomedes, than it is to find amid the ranks of Novel writers one bearing the stamp of genius. Sometimes, as he has done even in our time, an Achilles steps forth, and immediately he is followed by his myrmidons. The writer of this present work is certainly one, both of his admirers and imitators; but we can say, what we can say of only a few, that he is worthy both to admire and to imitate. The author of *Tournay* introduces mostly Scotch characters and military scenes, and writes of them well, for he writes *con amore*. We will not destroy the interest by a dry detail of the plot, but merely state that there are very sufficient portions of love, valour, honour, and treachery, mixed up in the narrative. Alaster is a fine portrait of the old Scotch chief, desolate and childless, and an exile in his age, seeking that last and worst resource, tumult of head and hand, to drown that of the heart. Duplessis is a well-drawn, gallant, and lively Frenchman, and John Lomm is excellent in his way. Novels, generally speaking, are the worst books in the world for extracts; a quotation to show the merit of a tale, whose excellence consists in a gradual increase of interest, a skilful assortment of parts, we have always considered much in the way of the Grecian pedant, who took a brick in his pocket as a specimen of the style and conveniences of his house. But here is an episode, whose length both suits

our columns and is a fair example of the author's manner. It is the history of a certain *petite Comtesse, la deesse des yeux étincelans et des pieds mignons*, according to Louis XIV.

"We do not, however, mean to say that Louis, having formed this attachment to the demure, devout, and victorious Madame Maintenon, altogether had departed from the error of his ways. At least his external correctness of demeanour—his obedience to the injunctions of the holy fathers who ministered to his spiritual concerns—his unremitting presence at mass—were not sufficient to induce the choice spirits of the court to attribute to mere innocent admiration of beauty his devoted attentions to La Petite Comtesse de Treillade, the only daughter of the celebrated Treillade St. Germaine. Neither would it be proper for us to compromise the character and honour of the countess, especially as she is a favourite with us, and one of whom we are anxious to believe as little ill as possible. Besides, Versailles and Marli were not places where a lovely woman could be admired and keep her reputation. For a great many years, no person of common discretion had thought that possible; and yet it would have been extremely hard that, on that account, the excellence of heaven's handiwork should have been banished from a scene where it ought to reign triumphant. Moreover, since admiration is the master-passion of the fair sex, some small allowance ought, in charity, to be made, if La Petite did venture to expose herself to the rumours and tattle of the court; and, ignorant that Maintenon was the wife of Louis, sometimes allow the aged monarch to dream of the scenes of his youth; and, in playing with the curling tresses which, in defiance of the *pommades divines* of the day, floated over her shoulders, to whisper into her ear, that she had all the loveliness of La Vallière, the fire and vivacity of Montespan, and the gay *étourderie* of Fontanges. . . .

"Discoveries very often depend on the occurrence of the merest trifles. La Petite Comtesse might have maintained her secret superiority and influence until even the widow's power could not have recalled the instant monarch, had not Madame Maintenon, from delicacy of constitution, entertained an invincible aversion to open air. Whenever she travelled, the glasses of her carriage or chair were shut. In her apartment, every crevice was closed, and the external atmosphere excluded; and, although *le Grand Monarque*, with his accustomed respect for the feelings of others, and disregard to his own gratification, threw open the windows whenever he entered her apartments, careless whether she was in sickness or health—dressed or *en déshabille*—such royal freedoms had never reconciled her to any thing cooler than the temperature of a hot-house. This was exactly what La Petite Comtesse disliked; and perhaps her aversion was increased because it was opposed to the avowed inclinations of the individual whom she thought she was on the eve of supplanting.

"While such were the mutual feelings of these parties, Madame Maintenon proposed an excursion in the neighbourhood of Tournay. The necessary equipage was accordingly ordered—the ladies entered—but scarcely had they travelled a few miles before La Petite, overpowered, or at least pretending to be so, with the heat of the closed carriage, let down, without permission or premo-

nition, the window at her side. An exclamation of horror and astonishment instantly rung through the carriage. 'La mère des saints!' broke forth Nanon, with a shrill and piercing pipe: 'Comtesse, êtes vous folle—n'avez vous pas peur?'

"'Je le veux,' answered La Petite.

"'Mais, vous oubliez que Madame Maintenon—'

"'N'importe: Je le veux, moi.'

"A deep silence ensued. Madame erected herself with the greatest possible degree of dignity—folded her garments about her as if she was about to die, and wished to leave the world with grace—and, waving her hand to command silence, she coldly observed—

"'Mademoiselle, you are a child—a spoiled child.'

"'Not older than his majesty, certainly?'

"'You forget in whose company you sit,' rejoined Madame Maintenon, not particularly pleased with the allusion of her seniority to the monarch.

"'Point du tout,' added the Countess, with rapidity—'à présent la Reine Manquée—formerly the wife of Scarron. Perhaps Monsieur Villars can finish the portrait.'

"Immediately Madame Maintenon's face presented almost the hues of the pomegranate. She ordered the carriage to stop, and, alighting with Nanon and the other ladies, mute (rather an unusual circumstance) with horror, stepped into one of the attendant coaches, leaving La Petite to pursue her way in solitude, and to repent, in silence, her folly and indiscretion.

"It was obvious, from the agitation of Nanon's face, and the trembling of her lips, that her whole efforts were scarce sufficient to resist making her sentiments audible,—a liberty which the expression gleaming from her mistress's eyes, told was not at that moment to be assumed by any person, whether friend or not. As the carriage hurried on, suddenly the faint light of the lamp, glimmering in the chapel of La Chaumière, came in view. Madame instantly pointed to the spot—desired that the coach should be ordered to stop; and slowly observing, 'We must subdue worldly irritation; humility, Nanon, is a virtue,'—stepped upon the ground.

"'And a little revenge,' murmured Mademoiselle Balbien, 'is a delicious repast.' Then crossing herself, as if to exorcise the spirit which could whisper such an unchristian sentiment, she hastened after her mistress, and both in an instant were on their knees before the lamp. Nanon at once loudly and warmly expostulated against such a leering-eyed, dwarf *étourdie* as Madame La Comtesse being permitted to interfere with Madame Maintenon, who weekly supplied with oil the lamps of fifty altars, and bowed the knees of fifty holy fathers, to offer up, from the setting to the dawning sun, orisons to *Nôtre Dame de St. Cyr*. And Madame inwardly added a solemn vow, to drive away the unseemly hoofs which mired and puddled the sacred precincts—to rebuild the chapel—to institute a seminary for thoughtless youth—to dedicate annually a thousand crowns for the support of a choir, provided only the mistle sovereign was undeceived, brought to a due sense of his iniquity, and returned to the arms of the injured, outraged supplicant.

"The image is said to have been so much moved with the audible rhetoric of Nanon, and the silent devoutness of the widow, as to have bowed its head in token of favour and compassion. That circumstance is not, how-

ever, mentioned by the best historians. They admit, however, that La Petite had a fracas, very shortly afterwards, with her royal lover—and that the result was, that the lovely countess, either chagrined at the august monarch having escaped from her fetters, or indignant that *la Reine Manquée* should have proved victorious, intreated permission to go into seclusion, and had assigned to her the site of La Chaumière, where she might, not exactly retiring to the mountains like Jephtha's Daughter, but à la Vallière, bewail past follies, and devote her remaining hours of life to repentance and self-denial. Speedily the old and tottering walls of the crumbling fabric were replaced by an ample building; and the liberality with which Louis endowed the institution, almost made La Petite regret that she had allowed herself so soon to lose hopes, and with so slight a struggle yield the day to the widow Scarron."

The siege drives the ci-devant countess into Tournay, where she forms an acquaintance with an Englishman, Captain Andover, then a prisoner. Some deviations from the strict conventual rules having reached the ears of Madame Maintenon, La Petite is ordered to St. Cyr, and Andover takes advantage of this severity to prevail on her to leave Tournay, which an exchange of prisoners obliges him to quit that night. His morning's interview, however, is not successful, and he tries his eloquence again just as he is on the point of departing.

"In a few moments the vehicle drew up at the place directed, and Andover, leaping out, walked along to the narrow lane leading to the principal gate. All was quiet, and the grating firmly bolted. He thought that he distinguished a faint flickering glimmer in the passage—but he dreaded rousing the household. 'Unless I can see her alone,' he muttered to himself, 'all my efforts will be useless. If she be astir there will be a lamp in the parlour.' Immediately he clambered over the wall surrounding the house, and, hastily traversing the garden, reached the steps which led up to the glass door. A light flashed on his eyes, and he saw La Comtesse surrounded with her young people.

"La Petite was resting her head on her hand, and was evidently trembling with agitation. Les Sœurs were weeping audibly. Andover hesitated for an instant; but observing that the Countess was habited as if for travel, his confidence returned, and, abruptly opening the door, he took hold of her hand.

"Are you prepared, my love? All is ready. I—shall I say, you leave Tournay in a moment?"

"The Countess sprung up, and threw herself into the arms of Nannette.

"'Yes, yes—fly with him,' exclaimed Suzanne—'why hesitate? Even if you remained we would be separated. Take her,' she added, and placed 'La Petite's hand in Andover's. 'To us she has been the kindest friend—a sister, a mother; yet we have counselled her to repose on your sincerity—to throw herself on your affections—to trust to the fidelity and honour of an English officer.'

"'My children—I cannot—I cannot leave you!' exclaimed La Petite, violently sobbing. 'We have homes,' said les Sœurs—'we have parents' homes to return to—we have fathers, brothers. Whom now have you but this Englishman?'

"Andover lifted up the Countess and bore her away. As he placed her in the carriage



his arm was touched. It was by Nannette. She spoke indistinctly, and her breast heaved with suppressed emotion. 'Remember, when our sister is far away, that she is a foreigner, and for you has left her native country—her friends—those who love her, ay, with the intense affection of a child.' - - -

"On retiring, at the close of the campaign, to England, he led her to Andover Hilton—introduced her to his friends—and the ladies of the county yet trace, to her charms and soft persuasions, the winning of many nuptial hours from the adventurous pleasure of the chase or boisterous mirth of the evening libations. La Petite's portrait is still to be seen in the great hall. Dressed in the utmost splendour of the fashion of the day, you are only reminded of the more sober garb which once concealed her form, by perceiving a russet robe and crucifix hanging over her attendant's arm."

We gave much praise to the Fire-eater on its appearance in the literary world, and Tournay induces us to repeat our eulogium on the author's talents.

#### THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY L. E. L.\*

In our Review of this exquisite production last week, the beauties we had marked out for quotation so far overstepped our limits, that we were reluctantly compelled to abridge our extracts even after they were printed. Thus the following *Moorish Romance* got excluded; and we are sure that every reader of taste and admirer of genius will thank us for now restoring the omission.

Softly through the pomegranate groves  
Came the gentle song of the doves;  
Shone the fruit in the evening light,  
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright;  
Shook the date-trees each tufted head,  
As the passing wind their green nuts shed;  
And, like dark columns, amid the sky  
The giant palms ascended on high;  
And the mosque's gilded minaret  
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.  
Over the town a crimson haze  
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays;  
And far beyond, like molten gold,  
The burning sands of the desert rolled.  
Far to the left, the sky and sea  
Mingled their gay immensity;  
And with flapping sail and idle prow  
The vessels threw their shades below.  
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove  
Casts its shade round a little cove,  
Darkling and green, with just a space  
For the stars to shine on the water's face,  
A small bark lay, waiting for night  
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.  
Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight,  
For which those furled-up sails await,  
To a garden, fair as those  
Where the glory of the rose  
Blushes, charmed from the decay  
That wastes other blooms away;  
Gardens of the fairy tale  
Told, till the wood-fire grows pale,  
By the Arab tribes, when night,  
With its dim and lovely light,  
And its silence, suiteth well  
With the magic tales they tell.  
Through that cypress avenue,  
Such a garden meets the view,  
Filled with flowers—flowers that seem  
Lighted up by the sunbeam;  
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves  
Green as Hope before it grieves  
O'er the false and broken-hearted,  
All with which its youth has parted,

Never to return again,  
Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in you bower,  
But holds it a yet fairer flower:  
And music from that cage is breathing,  
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,  
A low song from a lonely dove,  
A song such exiles sing and love,  
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies—  
Now to be breathed of but in sighs!  
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh  
Are near when LEILA's step is nigh!  
With eyes dark as the midnight time,  
Yet lighted like a summer clime  
With sun-rays from within; yet now  
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—  
Though never lovelier brow was given  
To Houris of an Eastern heaven!  
Her eye is dwelling on that bower,  
As every leaf and every flower  
Were being numbered in her heart;—  
There are no looks like those which dwell  
On long remembered things, which soon  
Must take our first and last farewell!

Day fades apace; another day,  
That maiden will be far away,  
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,  
And bound for lovely Italy,  
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast  
The cross beneath a Moorish vest;  
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem  
Like music murmuring in a dream,  
When in our sleeping car is ringing  
The song the nightingale is singing;  
When by that white and funeral stone,  
Half hidden by the cypress gloom,  
The hymn the mother taught her child  
Is sung each evening at her tomb.  
But quick the twilight time has past,  
Like one of those sweet calms that last  
A moment and no more, to cheer  
The turmoil of our pathway here.

The bark is waiting in the bay,  
Night darkens round:—LEILA, away!  
Far, ere tomorrow, o'er the tide,  
Or wait and be—ABDALLA's bride!

She touched her lute—never again  
Her ear will listen to its strain!  
She took her cage, first kissed the breast—  
Then freed the white dove prisoned there:  
It paused one moment on her hand,  
Then spread its glad wings to the air.  
She drank the breath, as it were health,  
That sighed from every scented blossom;  
And, taking from each one a leaf,  
Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom.  
Then sought the secret path again  
She once before had traced, when lay  
A Christian in her father's chain;  
And gave him gold, and taught the way  
To fly. She thought upon the night,  
When, like an angel of the light,  
She stood before the prisoner's sight,  
And led him to the cypress grove,  
And showed the bark and hidden cove;  
And bade the wandering captive flee,  
In words he knew from infancy!  
And then she thought how for her love  
He had braved slavery and death,  
That he might only breathe the air  
Made sweet and sacred by her breath.  
She reached the grove of cypresses,—  
Another step is by her side:  
Another moment, and the bark  
Bears the fair Moor across the tide!

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,  
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,  
As now they met, now shrank away,  
From the gaze that watched and worshipped their [day.  
They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale  
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—  
Just lifted a curl, as if to show  
The cheek of rose that was burning below:  
And never spread a sky of blue  
More clear for the stars to wander through!

And never could their mirror be  
A calmer or a lovelier sea!  
For every wave was a diamond gleam:  
And that light vessel well might seem  
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair  
Young Genii, whose home was of light and air!

Another evening came, but dark;  
The storm clouds hovered round the bark  
Of misery:—they just could see  
The distant shore of Italy,  
As the dim moon through vapours shone—  
A few short rays, her light was gone.  
O'er head a sullen scream was heard,  
As sought the land the white sea-bird,  
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming.  
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—  
Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death  
To light the night-black depths beneath.  
The vessel rolled amid the surge;  
The winds howled round it, like a dirge  
Sung by some savage race. Then came  
The rush of thunder and of flame:  
It showed two forms upon the deck,—  
One clasped around the other's neck,  
As there she could not dream of fear—  
In her lover's arms could danger be near?  
He stood and watched her with the eye  
Of fixed and silent agony.

The waves swept on: he felt her heart  
Beat close and closer yet to his!  
They burst upon the ship!—the sea  
Has closed upon their dream of bliss!

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep,  
Beneath that ancient cedar tree,  
Whose solitary stem has stood  
For years alone beside the sea!  
The last of a most noble race,  
That once had there their dwelling-place,  
Long past away! Beneath its shade,  
A soft green couch the turf had made:—  
And glad the morning sun is shining  
On those beneath the boughs reclining.  
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw—

The dark hair of the Moorish maid,  
Like a veil, floating o'er the breast,  
Where tenderly her head was laid;—  
And yet her lover's arm was placed  
Clasping around the graceful waist!  
But then he marked the youth's black curls  
Were dripping wet with foam and blood;  
And that the maiden's tresses dark  
Were heavy with the briny flood!  
Woe for the wind!—woe for the wave!  
They sleep the slumber of the grave!  
They buried them beneath that tree;  
It long had been a sacred spot.  
Soon it was planted round with flowers  
By many who had not forgot;  
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth,  
The Eden birds of early youth,  
That make the loveliness of love:  
And called the place "THE MAIDEN'S COVE,"—  
That she who perished in the sea  
Might thus be kept in memory.

The Improvisatrice, a poem of about fifteen or sixteen hundred lines, is followed by a number of miscellaneous pieces, which display the great versatility of the author. Two or three only are of a playful kind; for, descriptive power, pathos, and imagination, are unquestionably her chief characteristics. And though Love has always been, as the mighty northern minstrel has finely expressed it,—

- - - The noblest theme  
That ever waked the poet's dream;

our fair bard has, in several of these minor pieces, shown that nearly an equal degree of tenderness, fancy, and feeling, can be thrown into subjects of a different order. St. George's Hospital, The Deserter, The Covenanters, Gladesmuir, The Soldier's Funeral, The Female Convict, Crescentinus, Home, The Soldier's Grave, and others, are forcible and admirable examples: while Rosalie, The Ba-



yadere, The Minstrel of Portugal, The Guerilla Chief, The Legend of the Rhine, &c. are more or less connected with the master passion of the human soul, and with tales founded on its influence. The Bayadere is an Oriental Romance; and we do not detract from Lalla Rookh, when we say it is the only composition in the English language which may bear a close comparison with that popular poem. Rosalie is, on the contrary, a domestic story of hapless affection, and full of the most touching passages. We will cite a few brief instances which are the easiest detached. It opens with this bold yet sweet exordium:

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh  
That young lips breathe when Love's first dream-  
ings fly; [showers,  
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling  
Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-  
flowers.

Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee,—  
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,  
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears;  
What thou hast ever been, and still wilt be,—  
Life's best, but most betraying witchery!

To this succeeds a landscape, on which  
Claude might look with delight—

It is a night of summer,—and the sea  
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.  
Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight  
breaks; [zone,

Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its  
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks  
Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.  
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,  
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,  
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.

Odours are on the air!—the gale has been  
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep,—  
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers  
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.  
Afar the distant city meets the gaze, [shine,  
Where tower and turret in the pale light  
Seem like the monuments of other days—  
Monuments—Time half shadows, half displays.

This is the very soul of poetry. How many  
charming similes in a few short lines! The  
sleeping sea like a child; the breaking moon-  
light like Beauty's changeful smile; the oar  
light and transient as Love's anger; and all  
the other delicious images which are raised  
within so small a compass of song, meet with  
not many parallels even among our greatest  
masters of the lyre. Nor is the portrait of  
the lovers introduced into this Neapolitan  
scene less beautiful:

There was a bark a little way apart  
From all the rest, and there two lovers leant:—  
One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,  
And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;  
She might not meet the gaze the other sent  
Upon her beauty—but the half-breathed sighs,  
The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,  
Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries.  
Then they were silent:—words are little aid  
To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made  
By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is  
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!—

Music passes and awakes in the breast of  
Rosalie the memory of her distant home and  
widowed mother, whose age she had left

----- to weep  
When that the tempter flattered her and wiled  
Her steps away.

Yet her infatuation is all-powerful. Still  
she

----- pledged the magic cup—  
The maddening cup of pleasure and of love!  
There was for her one only dream on earth!  
There was for her one only star above!

The scene, however, changes under the  
heart-subduing spell of the poet, and Rosalie,

deserted, is seen on her repentant pilgrimage  
to and arrival at her natal Cot—

How very desolate that breast must be,  
Whose only joyance is in memory!  
And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed?—  
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made  
But things wherewith to wound: that heart—so  
So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak! [weak,  
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn  
It burns to hear, and yet that must be borne!  
And, sorer still, that bitter emotion,  
To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion  
Is that of a false deity!—to look  
Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook  
Their cold reply! Yet, these are all for her!—  
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer!  
Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,  
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering!  
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—  
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest  
thrall!

----- The very air [eye  
Seemed as it brought reproach! there was no  
To look delighted, welcome none was there!  
She felt as feels an outcast wandering by  
Where every door is closed! -----

----- she strayed  
Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade  
Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone  
And the gray cross recorded those now gone!  
There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed  
To pay the tribute of one long—last tear! [near,  
How very desolate must that one be,  
Whose more than grave has not a memory!

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—  
Just such her end would be with her away:  
No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—  
No child by her neglected tomb to pray!  
She asked—and like a hope from Heaven it  
came!

To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reached her mother's cottage; by that gate  
She thought how her once lover went to wait  
To tell her homed tales!—and then she thought  
On all the utter ruin he had wrought!  
The moon shone brightly, as it used to do  
Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;  
But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers  
Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound,  
Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground;  
And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,  
Which had not even one rose,—although the  
breeze,

Almost as if in mockery, had brought  
Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!

She entered in the cottage. None were there!  
The hearth was dark,—the walls looked cold and  
All—all spoke poverty and suffering! [bare!  
All—all was changed; and but one only thing  
Kept its old place! ROSALIE's mandolin  
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.

There was one other room,—and ROSALIE  
Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame  
Gleamed from a dying lamp; a cold air came  
Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,  
Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!  
And ROSALIE drew near. One withered hand  
Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched stand  
Where some cold water stood! And by the bed  
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—  
dead!

Were there any thing like art in the effu-  
sions of L. E. L., we should praise the con-  
trasts of this affecting poem, and the dramatic  
art of its conclusion; but we praise her for  
nothing but pure nature and true genius. The  
gay and sombre scenery spring alike from the  
same untutored perceptions of what is ap-  
propriate; and the affecting turns in the con-  
duct of the catastrophe are simply transcribed  
from the vivid feelings of the writer. But  
admire as we may, even our pleasant duties

must have an end; and we come now to bid  
our youthful bard farewell, and wish the ut-  
most prosperity to her bark's onward course.  
From the storms of criticism it can have no-  
thing to fear; but the sea of literature is not  
altogether like a child in slumber; and now  
she has fairly unfurled her sails, she must  
abide by the perils of the winds and waves.

From the minor pieces we have now space  
for only one short example; and we take a  
pretty and graceful one—*The Violet*.

Violets!—deep-blue Violets!  
April's loveliest coronets!  
There are no flowers grow in the vale,  
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep-blue Violet!  
I do remember how sweet a breath  
Came with the azure light of a wreath  
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,  
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.  
I have seen that dear harp rolled

With gems of the East and bands of gold;  
But it never was sweeter than when set  
With leaves of the deep-blue Violet!  
And when the grave shall open for me,—  
I care not how soon that time may be,—  
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,  
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom;—  
But there be that flower's meek regret,  
The bending and deep-blue Violet!

With this we conclude, rejoicing that so far  
the public opinion has coincided with ours  
upon the genius of the author and the merits  
of this volume; for on the first day of its ap-  
pearance nearly the whole of a large impres-  
sion was rapidly disposed of, and other edi-  
tions, we have not the slightest doubt, will  
follow in quick succession.

#### HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES, ETC.

##### History of Modern Wine.\*

BEFORE commencing his inquiries into the  
History of Modern Wines, Dr. Henderson  
points out, in a preliminary chapter, some of  
the difficulties attendant on the investigation;  
and among these the obstacle which the pau-  
city of language, particularly the English lan-  
guage, opposes to a correct classification of  
wines. Objecting to the attempt of M. Jullien  
to arrange wines into *genera*, "determined  
by the qualities of sweetness, dryness, body,  
and colour;" and *species*, by "the compara-  
tive excellence of these qualities,"—he pro-  
poses to divide "them into two principal  
*classes*, viz. RED and WHITE, which may be  
again separated into two orders, DRY and  
SWEET; while the *genera* are made to depend  
on the distinctive characters derived from  
soil and climate, the *species* on particular lo-  
calities, and the *varieties* on the respective  
qualities of the different growths;" and  
adopting this arrangement, he proceeds to  
investigate the History of the Wines of Europe,  
beginning with those of France.

Although, from the writings of Posidonius  
and of Strabo, it is evident that the vine was  
partially cultivated in the south of Gaul, yet  
it does not appear that its culture was general  
even at the time of Columella. It nevertheless  
afterwards became so; and even Normandy,  
Picardy, and Brittany, provinces in which  
the vine, as in England, has yielded to crops  
more suitable to the climate, produced their  
wines: but they were sour and harsh, "in  
consequence of the cold winds and fogs to  
which these countries are exposed. In the  
wine districts of France, however, every ad-

\* The History of Ancient and Modern Wines. 4to.  
pp. 408. London 1824. Baldwin.

vantage which can be desired for the perfection of the vine is found; for example, "every species of strata that is most congenial, much diversity of surface, and consequently the most favourable exposures, and a sufficient range of temperature to occasion the greatest variety in the character of the grapes. The French, therefore, as our author justly remarks, by the improvement of these gifts of nature, "at present deservedly rank as the first wine-makers in the world." According to Chaptal's calculations, in the year 1808, the quantity of land in France "occupied by vines, amounted to 1,613,939 hectares, or 3,988,974 acres." The average production of wine was 34,358,890 hectolitres, or 934,184,500 gallons, and the value of the whole 718,941,675 francs, or upwards of twenty-eight millions sterling. Dr. Henderson observes, that "in tracing the history of French wines, we are struck with the fact that many vineyards, which have little or no repute, were renowned in former times for the excellence of their growths; while those which of late years have maintained the greatest celebrity, were then unknown, or almost unnoticed. Thus the wines of Orleans and the Isle of France were at one time in greater estimation than those of Burgundy and Champagne; and even Mantes, which is on the borders of Normandy, was famed for the produce of its vines." In investigating the causes of these changes, our author brings forward sufficient reasons for attributing them, chiefly, to transfers of property, particularly from the church to the laity, and the changes of management consequently introduced. The wines of Champagne, of Burgundy, Dauphiny, and the Bordelais, are decidedly the best which France now supplies; and to these, with the productions of Languedoc and Roussillon, Dr. Henderson confines his attention.

The wines of Champagne are commonly divided, following a distinction occurring so early as the ninth century, into River Wines—*Vins de la Rivière de Marne*, which are for the most part white; and Mountain Wines—*Vins de la Montagne de Reims*, which are red. The former are mostly brisk or sparkling wines, and distinguished by their delicate flavour and aroma. But the briskest wines are not always the best, and unless they are very strong, much of the alcohol is carried off with the carbonic acid gas, which occasions the froth. Hence the slightly frothing wines, (*cremans*, or *demi-mousseux*), are preferred by connoisseurs. Sillery, which has obtained its name from the vineyards which yield it, having formerly belonged to the Marquess of Sillery, holds the first rank among the white wines of Champagne. It was "brought into vogue by the peculiar care bestowed on the manufacture of it by the Maréchal d'Estrees, and was long known by the name of *Vin de la Maréchale*;" and has always been in much request in England. The most celebrated of the river wines, strictly so called, is that of Ay, the *Vinum Dei* of Baudius; but our author thinks that the wine of Closet, a small vineyard "which lies in the bosom of the hill to the south-west of Epernay, yields a wine fully equal to that of Ay." Similar to the wine of Ay also are those of the territories of Mareuil and Dizy; while those of Hautvilliers, Crumant, Aise, Oger, Menil, and Pierry, are decidedly inferior. "Of the Reims mountain wines, those of Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, Bouzy, and St. Basle, are most esteemed." But the Clos St. Thierry fur-

nishes "the only red wine that can be said to unite the rich colour and aroma of Burgundy with the delicate lightness of Champagne." The soils "throughout Champagne are composed of a loose marl resting on beds of chalk, and in some places mixed with flints;" but the exposures are not favourable, and even "the Sillery and Mountain red wines are almost all grown on the northern or eastern declivities of the hills." The value of vineyard land, the pruning of the vines, and the manufacture of the wine, are severally noticed in this section. The best Champagne wines "will retain their good qualities from ten to twenty years," if kept in a temperature of 54° Fahrenheit, which is that uniformly maintained in the vaults of M. Moët, at Epernay. The white wines of Arbois and Papillon, in the department of Jura, we are informed, "resemble those of Champagne in many of their qualities; but they are not managed with the same care, and do not equal the first-rate growths" of Champagne.

Notwithstanding the verdict of the Faculty of Paris, which was pronounced in 1778, in favour of the vintages of Champagne, Dr. Henderson considers the wines of Burgundy, as far as regards "richness of flavour and perfume, and all the more delicate qualities of the juice of the grape," as the more perfect of the two; and thinks that the dukes of Burgundy deservedly merit their ancient designation of "*princes des bons vins*." The choicest of the Burgundy wines is that of Romanée Conti, a wine scarcely known in England, and produced in small quantities only, the vineyard being not more than six and a half English acres in extent. The next was that of the Clos-Vougeot, when that small domain was the property of the Church; but it is now considered as the third or fourth growth, and is surpassed by those of the Romanée de St. Vivant, Musigny, Clos de Prémeau, and some others: "some," however, "obtained by M. Montmort, from his vineyard at Fassin, in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to surpass all the other growths of the Côte d'Or, and has been sold on the spot at the enormous price of twelve francs the bottle." Under the name Mâcon, which is the red Burgundy best known in England, is comprehended not only the growths of the Mâconnais, but also the chief wines of the Beaujolais, forming part of the department of the Rhone. These wines are all red; but the white wines of Burgundy, although less known than the red, maintain the highest rank among the French white wines. The best is the Mont Racher wine, famous for "its high perfume and agreeable nutty flavour;" but there are three varieties of it, the *ainé*, *chevalier*, and *batard* Mont Racher; the last of which "sells for only one-third of the price of the first. Yet," adds Dr. Henderson, "these three qualities are produced from vineyards which are only separated from one another by a footpath; which have the same exposure, and apparently the same soil; in which the same species of vines are cultivated; and which are managed in every respect precisely in the same manner. Latterly some proprietors of vineyards at Nuits have manufactured a white wine from red grapes, which is said to bear a comparison with the finest growths of Champagne."

The wines of Dauphiny are among the most ancient in France; but the celebrity of some of them, the Condrieux, the Hermitage, and the Côte Rôtie, is of very recent date. The Hermitage, which derives its name from

the ruins of a hermitage on the rock on which the vineyard is situated, is both red and white; the former being the production of the *siras*, and the latter that of the *marousse* and *roussanne* grapes. Our author enters into some details regarding the manufacture of these wines, and the mode of managing them. The Côte Rôtie resembles the hermitage in flavour and perfume; and the department of Vaucluse furnishes a few growths analogous to both, but inferior in quality. Dauphiny yields also a luscious wine, resembling the best Constantia. It is made "from the ripest grapes, which are hung up, or spread upon straw, for six or eight weeks, or until they become half dried;" from which circumstance the liquor obtained from them is named "STRAW WINE," (*vin de paille*.)

Although Languedoc, Provence, and Roussillon, in respect of climate and soil might be supposed capable of surpassing the more northern departments in the production of the grape, yet none of these districts supplies wine "which can enter into competition with the best vintages of the Hermitage, or of the Côte Rôtie." They are, however, superior in the class of sweet wines. The wines of Tavel, Chuzelan, St. Geniez, Lirac, and St. Laurence, are the best of the red wines of Languedoc. They have a bright rose tint. The red wines of Roussillon are the strongest and most durable that France produces: the choicest are those of Bagnols, Cosperon, and Collioure. The wines of Provence are of very ordinary quality; and our author accords with MARTIAL, in his bitter invectives "against the produce of that territory." Among the dry white wines of these districts are the Rivesaltes and the Frontignan: the former Dr. Henderson thinks is too little prized in this country. "When sufficiently matured by age, it is of a bright golden colour, and has an oily smoothness, a fragrant aroma, and a delicate flavour of the quince, by which it is distinguished from all other sweet wines."

The wines of Gascony and Guienne are better known by name in England than any other of those of the French vineyards, the names Lafitte, Grave, Château Margaux, Sauterne, and Barsac, being familiar to most ears on this side of the channel; yet, we suspect that the genuine wines are seldom seen on the table of John Bull, owing to the various processes to which they are subjected by the merchants of Bordeaux, in adapting them for particular markets. "Thus (says our author) the strong rough growths of Palus, and other districts, are frequently bought up, for the purpose of strengthening the ordinary wines of Medoc; and there is even a particular manufacture, called *Travail à l'Anglaise*, which consists in adding to each hogshead of Bordeaux wine three or four gallons of Alicant, or Benicarlo, half a gallon of stum wine, and sometimes a small quantity of Hermitage. This mixture undergoes a slight degree of fermentation; and, when the whole is sufficiently fretted in, it is exported under the name of CLARET."

In closing this short notice of Dr. Henderson's account of the wines of France, we need not say that our limits prevent us from doing any thing like justice to this part of the volume; which is full and satisfactory in its details, and replete with valuable information, both historical and practical.

The third Chapter treats of "the wines of Spain," many of which our author admits are distinguished by high flavour, aroma, strength, and durability; but from the mismanagement

of the fermentation, the red wines in particular are dull and heavy on the palate; and, except in dry white wines and certain species of sweet wines, none of the Spanish wines "will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France." The most perfect are the produce of Xeres, although the Spaniard himself gives the preference to those of Malaga, Alicante, and Fuencaral. The Spanish wines, also, when not exported, are stored in skins smeared with pitch, which gives them "a peculiar, disagreeable taste, called the *oler de bota*," and renders them more liable to become muddy. Subterranean wine cellars are even unknown; it is not surprising, therefore, as Dr. Henderson remarks, "that the common Spanish wines should fall so far short of the excellence that might be anticipated from the favourable circumstances under which they are grown."

The principal vineyards at Xeres de la Frontera are in the hands of British and French settlers; and to these the great improvement, of late years, in the manufacture of Sherry is not unfairly attributed. In making this wine, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately, and dried to a certain extent before they are pressed. The fermentation is allowed to be continued from October till the middle of December, before it is racked from the lees: and that intended for exportation receives the brandy, "which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt." The nutty flavour, so highly prized in this country, is produced by infusing bitter almonds in the wine. Our author thinks that the quantity, forty thousand butts, stated by Mr. Jacobs as the produce of the vineyards round Xeres, is exaggerated, as, in 1789, it was twelve thousand butts only, of which between six and seven thousand were exported. The Paxarete, so called from an ancient monastery, five miles from Xeres; the Tintilla, or Tinto di Rota; a red Andalusian wine; and Malaga, are the only other wines of Spain worthy of notice. Majorca and Minorca likewise produce wines; but, with the exception of a white wine, named Alba Flor, grown at Banalbusa, and which approaches in flavour to Sauterne, they are not much prized.

In the fourth chapter, which investigates the history of "the Wines of Portugal," our author points out the disadvantages which have resulted from the monopoly established by the Alto Douro Company. Many of our readers may not be aware that by a treaty entered into between Great Britain and Portugal, usually called the Methuen treaty, the inhabitants of this country are in some measure forced to drink Port wine, from the advantages given to Portugal in her wine trade with England over every other nation, on the sole condition that she will take our woollens in return. This being the case, we could not reasonably expect that so much care would be taken to supply the market with the best wine, as if there had been a fair competition with other countries exporting wine: but it would scarcely be conjectured that the Portuguese government would sanction the establishment of a company, by which such a monopoly might be established as would effectually destroy the wine trade of Portugal, if circumstances ever turned up to annul the Methuen treaty. On this subject, Dr. Henderson has given his readers much information; and, as the treaty has been frequently infringed by the Portuguese, we trust that Ministers already feel the necessity of placing

the wine trade with that country on such a footing as will, at least, admit into competition with the wines of Portugal, those of other countries in the English market.

Our author combats the custom, which was unknown before the year 1716, of mingling brandy with wines, under the supposition that this is essential for their preservation. It was the extent to which this admixture and the other adulterations of Portuguese wines were carried, that gave any colour of necessity for the establishment of the Alto Douro Company, in 1756. The regulations which were then enacted, were certainly calculated "to suppress the pernicious practices that had been resorted to in the culture of the vineyards and the management of the wines;" but, as Dr. Henderson justly remarks, they might have been "with more safety and propriety entrusted to the municipalities of the district, as is the case in France and other wine countries." The Douro Company was no sooner firmly invested with the authority delegated to it, than "it grossly betrayed its trust," and exhibited all "the odious features of a monopoly." We regret that our limits do not permit us to extract the whole of the arguments adduced by our author to prove the ruinous consequences of this establishment; but the following passage shows how much its privileges have interfered with the trade of Oporto and the manufacture of Port wines. Speaking of the clause in the charter, which enables the Company to fix the *maximum* price for the wines of the district, Dr. Henderson remarks—

"This clause in the charter betrays too clearly the character of the institution; and proves that, notwithstanding all the specious pretences with which it was attempted to veil the design, the substantial and primary object of the Company was the advancement of its own trade. In fact, the direct and inevitable tendency of such a power must be to prevent the agriculturist from exercising freely his industry, and to render his labours subservient to the interests and policy of the association. It was not its wish to procure the finest wines which the different vineyards could furnish, but, on the contrary, to obtain the greatest quantity of that standard which was best suited for exportation. If on favourable soils, and in propitious seasons, any superior wines were produced, it did not accord with the views of the Company that these wines should be sent to its customers in their original purity; as it was more advantageous to conceal the existence of them, and to use them for mixing with the inferior sorts. The cultivator, therefore, of such fortunate growths not being remunerated for his greater outlay, or for the superior skill and industry which he might have displayed in the management of his vineyard, could have no inducement to continue his exertions, but would henceforth content himself with raising, at the least possible expense, the greatest possible quantity of a middling quality, or such as he could most readily dispose of under the name of export wines. In this way the finer products of the Douro vineyards have remained in a great measure unknown to us; and port wine has come to be considered as a single liquor, if I may use the expression, of nearly uniform flavour and strength,—varying, it is true, to a certain extent in quality, but still approaching to a definite standard, and admitting of few degrees of excellence. The manipulations, the admixtures, and, in one word, the adulterations to which the best

wines of the Cima do Douro are subjected, have much the same effect as if all the growths of Burgundy were to be mingled in one immense vat, and sent into the world as the only true Burgundy wine: the delicious produce of Romanée, Chambertin, and the Clos-Vougeot, would disappear; and in their place we should find nothing better than a second-rate Beaune or Macon wine."

During the authority of the Cortes, some attempts were made to destroy this monopoly; and the "merchants of Oporto had proposed a plan of reform, which tended to abrogate all the privileges of the Company, and to reduce it to a simple mercantile association." The short-sighted policy, however, of the farmers of the Douro, and other circumstances, prevented this desirable reform; and all that could be effected was the abolition of the more obnoxious privileges of the Company. But for the influence of this Company on the interests of the district over which it was appointed to preside, the wines of Portugal would have vied with some of the best of the French growths; instead of which the greater part of the port wine which is now brought direct to this country, is the juice of a variety of grapes, both white and red, pressed together along with the stalks, carelessly fermented and mixed with brandy; and when there is a deficiency of black grapes, even coloured with elderberries.

Besides the Douro, other districts in Portugal supply wine. The growths of Alenquer, Torres Vedras, Lamego, and Monção, furnish wines resembling the second growths of the Bordeaux. The Colares Port, which is grown near Cintra, is the only one which has found its way to this country. Buçellas, Setuval, and Carcavellos, are the best of the Portuguese white wines. "The common Portuguese wines," our author remarks, "are, in general, inferior to those of Spain."

In the history "of the Wines of Germany and Hungary," which occupies the fifth chapter, Dr. Henderson states that vineyards were not established on the Moselle for nearly a century after the time of Probos, who is commonly supposed to have originated those, both of the Rhine and the Moselle; and proves that the banks of the Rhine were not planted with vines till towards the reign of Charlemagne. From that period the agriculture of Germany has continued to improve, and the vine is freely cultivated even as far as the fifty-second degree of northern latitude. A small district, called the Rhinegau, near Mentz, in particular the vineyards of Johannsberg, Steinberg, and Grafenberg, yield the choicest vintages on the banks of the Rhine. The wines of the Rhine, we are informed, "are drier than the French white wines, and are characterized by a delicate flavour and aroma, called in the country *gäre*, which is quite peculiar to them, and of which it would therefore be vain to attempt the description." Although they are in general acidulous, yet they are extremely durable, a quality which Dr. Henderson ascribes to "the large proportion of free tartaric acid which they contain." The hock, or, properly speaking, hochheimer, is a Mayn wine. In the Austrian states "the wines are almost all of inferior quality, being sharp, and often entirely acid." With the exception of the tokay, and the growths of Tarcal and Mád, the wines of Hungary are not much esteemed. The tokay essence, or *ausbruch*, which is a vinous syrup rather than a wine, is merely the juice which exudes from the half-dried grapes by the



pressure of their own weight, when collected into a cask to be trodden. It nevertheless keeps well, and is esteemed according to its age.

If the industry of man has overcome the disadvantages of climate in Germany, in the production of wine, his indolence and carelessness have almost rendered abortive the rich gifts which Nature has lavished upon Italy for perfecting the growth of the vine. In vain we look for the Falernum, the Cæcuban, or the Rhætium: they have disappeared from the soil, and live only in song. Tuscany is the sole district of Italy which yields good wines; and of these the Montepulciano, a luscious red wine, is the choicest, and is called by Redi, the king of all wine.

Montepulciano d'ogni vino è il re.—Bacco in Toscana.

The papal states yield no wines, except those of Albano, Montefiascone, and Orvieto, which deserve to be mentioned. The Lacrima Christi is a red luscious wine of the Neapolitan territory, "better known (says Dr. Henderson) by name than in reality, as it is made but in small quantity, and chiefly reserved for the royal cellars." The best "is that of Monte Somma and Galitè; but many of the second-rate wines made in the vicinity, as those of Pozzuolo, Ischia, Nola, Ottajano, Novella, and Torre del Greco, take the name of *lacrima*, and pass in commerce for the first growth." This information is rather calculated to check the conceit of many of our countrymen, who pride themselves on having a few bottles of the genuine tears in their cellars. The wines of Sicily do not rank higher than those of the shores of Latium.

Nature has done almost as much for Greece as for Italy, as far as regards the climate and soil of her islands fitted for the growth of the vine; but the tyranny which has so long chained down the ancient spirit of her sons, has also destroyed the character and value of her wines. Still, however, "the best Greek wines," which are "of the luscious-sweet class," particularly those of "Cyprus and Tenos, the red muscadine of Tenedos, and the white muscadine of Smyrna, vie with the richest Hungarian wines." Several other wines of tolerable quality are made in some of the islands; and in Zante, "a wine is made from the Corinth grape, which is said to approach to Tokay. Except in some parts of Macedonia, the wines produced on the continent of Greece are little better than vinegar. There are not wanting fine situations, however, even on the continent of this oppressed country, highly favourable for the growth of the vine; and, if the Greeks succeeded in throwing off the bondage of the Divan, we have no doubt that the industry, intelligence, and spirit, which have only been dormant in their bosoms, will again awaken to exertion, and do ample justice to the productions of that abode of ancient wisdom.

The eighth Chapter treats "of the Wines of Madeira and the Canary Islands;" but the notices on this and the succeeding Chapters, which are replete with the most interesting matter in the volume, must find a place in our next Gazette.

#### TOUR IN GERMANY.

To conclude the curious details respecting the German Universities, of which our two last Numbers have contained so much, we have to select but one other short extract.

"The following may be taken as a satisfactory example of the ordinary genus of uni-

versity minstrelsy; it is by way of eminence, the Hymn, or Burschen Song of Jena; it contains all the texts which furnish materials for the amplifications of college rhymsters, and shows better than a tedious description how they view the world.

Pledge round, brothers; Jena for ever! huzza!  
The resolve to be free is abroad in the land;  
The Philistine burns to be joined with our band,  
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round, then; our country for ever!  
huzza! [true,  
While you stand like your fathers as pure and as  
Forget not the debt to posterity due,  
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to our Prince, then, ye Burschen! huzza!  
He swore our old honours and rights to maintain,  
And we vow him our love while a drop's in a vein,  
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the love of fair woman! huzza!  
If there be who the feeling of woman offends,  
For him is no place among freemen or friends;  
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the stout soul of man, too!  
huzza! [might,  
Love, singing, and wine, are the proofs of his  
And who knows not all three is a pitiful wight;  
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the free word of freemen!  
huzza! [brave  
Who knows what the truth is, yet trembles to  
The might that would crush it, is a cowardly  
But the Burschen are free. [slave;

Pledge round, then, each bold deed for ever!  
huzza!  
Who tremblingly ponders how daring may end,  
Will crouch like a minion, when power bids him  
But the Burschen are free. [bend;

Pledge round, then, the Burschen for ever!  
huzza! [comes o'er us,  
Till the world goes in rags, when the last day  
Let each Bursche stand faithful, and join in our  
The Burschen are free. [chorus,

"If they ever give vent in song to the democratic and sanguinary resolves which are averred to render them so dangerous, it must be in their more secret conclaves; for, in the strains which enliven their ordinary potations, there is nothing more definite than in the above prosaic effusion. There are many vague declamations about freedom and country, but no allusions to particular persons, particular governments, or particular plans. The only change of government I ever knew proposed in their cantilenes, is one to which despotism itself could not object.

Let times to come, come as they may,  
And empires rise and fall;  
Let Fortune rule as Fortune will,  
And wheel upon her ball:  
High upon Bacchus' lordly brow  
Our diadem shall shine;  
And Joy, we'll crown her for his queen,  
Their capital the Rhine.

In Heidelberg's huge tun shall sit  
The Council of our State,  
And on our own Johannisberg  
The Senate shall debate.  
Amid the vines of Burgundy  
Our Cabinet shall reign;  
Our Lords and faithful Commons House  
Assemble in Champagne.

Only the Cabinet of Constantinople could set itself, with any good grace, against such a reform. . . .

Leaving this fertile topic, we follow our Tourist to Weissenfels. Here he tells us,—

"Dr. Müllerer, the great living dramatist of Germany, honours Weissenfels with his residence. He is a doctor of laws, and an advo-

\* i. e. the people.

cate, a profession which supplies tragedy writers in more countries than one; but he gets into so many disputes with neighbours and booksellers, that he is jocularly said to be his own best client. He certainly has more of the spirit of poetry in him than any of his living rivals, except Göthe; but many of his finest passages are lyric, rather than dramatic. His appearance betokens nothing of the soul which breathes in his tragedies. He was still in bed at mid-day, for he never begins his poetical labours till after midnight. He spends the hours of darkness with the ladies of Parnassus, disturbs the whole neighbourhood by the vehemence with which he declaims his newly composed verses, and late in the morning retires to bed. Dissipation is not the only thing that can turn day into night. He speaks willingly of his own works, and seems to have a very proper sense of their merits. His general humour is extremely dry and sarcastic. Göthe had sent him over from Weimar a Number of Blackwood's Magazine, containing a critique on the *Schuld*, with specimens of a translation. He took Blackwood to be the name of the author of the Magazine, and a distinguished literary character; nor did he seem to give me his full belief, when I assured him, that that gentleman was just a bookseller and publisher like his friend Brockhaus in Leipzig. He was overjoyed to learn that we have more than one translation of Leonora, for "the yelpers," he said, were beginning to allege, that Bürger had stolen it from an old Scottish ballad. We cannot claim that honour, but some of Dr. Müllerer's brethren plunder us without mercy or acknowledgment. A very meritorious piece of poetry was once pointed out to me in the works of Haug, the epigrammatist, as a proof that the simple ballad had not died out with Schiller. It was neither less nor more than a translation of our own delicious "Barbara Allan," whom Haug had converted, so far as I recollect, into "Julia Klängen."

"Haug has written too many epigrams to have written many good ones; they want point and delicacy. He has no fewer than an hundred on the Bardolphian nose of an innkeeper who had offended him. One of his best is in the form of an epitaph on a lady of rank and well known gallantry, and the idea is new:

As Titus thought, so thought the fair deceased,  
And daily made one happy man, at least.  
It was of the same lady, who spoke much too boldly of her contempt for the calumnies of the world, that he afterwards sang,  
'I wrap me in my virtue's spotless vest;  
'That's what the world calls, going lightly dressed.

The difference between courtship and marriage has been the theme of wits, since the first bride was won, and the first epigram turned. Haug does not belie his trade:

She. You men are angels while you woo the maid,  
But devils when the marriage-row is said.  
He. The change, good wife, is easily forgiven;  
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven."

In Leipzig churchyard there is an old Epitaph worthy to be coupled with these Epigrams. "It is (says the author) in the form of a bill of exchange for a certain quantity of salvation, drawn on and accepted by the Messiah, in favour of the merchant who is buried below, and payable in heaven, at the day of judgment."

The pressure of other matter compels us to make this paper shorter than we intended.

"Hier schlummert die wie Titus dachte,  
Und täglich einen glücklich machte."

*Memorias de la Revolucion de Mexico, &c. Escritas en Ingles por William Davis Robinson, y traducidas por Jose Joaquin de Mora.*

ANY criticism of the original of this work would be superfluous. The merits of Mr. Robinson's account of the Revolution of Mexico, and of the expedition of Don Francisco Javier Mina, are well-known and acknowledged by all persons who take any interest in the contest going on in America between Spain and those rising states whose natural progress towards independence and freedom she endeavours to oppose. The idea of rendering this work accessible to Spanish readers appears to have originated with Mr. Ackermann, and it forms a valuable addition to the contributions he has already made for the information and improvement of those extensive regions of the new world in which the Castilian language prevails. Among a people in the crisis of a revolution, persons possessing the qualifications and the leisure which the composition of a luminous and faithful narration of events require, are not likely to be found. It must therefore be to them a grateful undertaking, which sends back, transfused into their language, the observations of a judicious and impartial foreigner who witnessed their first efforts in the cause of independence. The manner, too, in which this laudable task is executed, deserves commendation. To a nation exposed, not merely to those conflicts of domestic interests which will more or less prevail in such a situation, but to a system of foreign intrigue prepared to avail itself of the slightest discontents to exasperate civil dissensions, if they already exist, and to create them if they do not, it would be impudent to address any thing which could only serve to excite irritation. It is stated in the preface, that "the translator, in conformity with the wish of the publisher, as well as with his own opinion, has thought fit to suppress several passages of the original work. Unfortunately, the language in which it appears is at present liable to be made the instrument of violent passions, of hostile interests, and of parties with arms in their hands. To endeavour to calm this effervescence, and to avoid supplying it with food, is consistent with the duty of history, whose torch ought to be a beacon, not a firebrand—a beacon, the light of which should serve to guide, not to mislead, to show crimes in their horrible colours, but not to direct to vengeance." The translation is extremely well executed, and some extracts are given from Capt. Basil Hall's Journal, which form a valuable addition to Mr. Robinson's work. The frontispiece is a good portrait of the gallant but unfortunate General Javier Mina.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE SHADE OF IZAAR WALTON TO THE FISHES OF THE THAMES.

Elysian Fields, 137 years after the  
"Great Frost," in which I died  
at Winchester.

MR. EDITOR,—Although it be now near a century and a half since I left your wicked world, after such a length of days that the world might rather be said to cling to me, than I to it, I have been as far from the thought as the wish to vex my spirit about the proceedings either of the inhabitants of the earth, or even those of the waters; but it is time indeed to speak when those very fishes, that in my life-time trembled at my rod, presume to attack my beloved recreation, and thereby cast a stain upon the memory of

my dear friend Sir Henry Wotton, and all those other gentlemen of honour and worship, whose very names shed a lustre upon that honest, humble art of angling which I and they did ever profess to love and practise.

Yet though I was always, and I hope justly, reckoned to be unobtrusive in my life-time, (and I would not, willingly, be thought less so in these abodes of perfect beatitude;) yet holding as I do a sweet communion with those choice spirits that daily arrive amongst us, I have very naturally been made acquainted with that saucy humour that has broken out amongst the funny race. And when I was told of the "Petition and Remonstrance" which appeared so lately in your pages, indignation, or grief, (I know not which,) transported me so far, that I resolved your readers should see the best sound castigation of such rebellious rogues that the butt-end of my rod, guided by the hand of just contempt, could bestow upon them; and I really feel impelled, I know not how, to lay it upon them indiscriminately, whether their skeletons be of bone or of cartilage. And as in my undertaking to write the life of Dr. Sanderson when I was upwards of eighty, I did not then plead my great age, so I will not now plead even my death and burial in excuse for omitting this just piece of reprehension.

But first, Mr. Editor, I think fit to tell thee this truth, that I am glad it be of fishes, and not of men, that I am to bestow even this just reproof and censure; for I should be ashamed that beings endowed with reason should indulge in a pretended arguing, which could but drag them into a thousand nameless inconsistencies, and lead them in the end to a taxing of the wisdom and goodness of God himself:—I do repeat, that I am glad they be fish, and not men, that have thus signed their names to their own folly; for "I am not of a cruel disposition,—I love to kill nothing but fish." And I use this expression the rather, because it is taunted upon me, though I could not reconcile it to the reason and dignity of man, or to the ways of Providence; but I trust to do both, and to convince these alphabetical upstarts, one by one, or altogether, as I may see fit. They shall know, as a witty poet hath it, that

"Full oft have letters caused the writers

To curse the day they were inditers."

And again, as my intimate friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, has well expressed—

"There whilst behind some bush we wait,

The scaly people to betray,

We'll prove it just by treacherous bait,

To make the preying trout our prey!"

Mark this, ye scaly rogues! ye preying cormorants! Did any of ye ever bite to please me? No, not one. But I loved to kill ye? Yes, verily. And had I killed ye not, why some one else in all likelihood had killed ye, if indeed (which is far from improbable) you had not devoured one another!

But man is lord of the creation! and well it is that it be so ordered. That great perch of two foot long that I told of in my Complete Angler, doubtless durst have devoured a pike of half his own length!—And how had it fared with man if fishes were made as big as himself? For my own part I have often, as I sat a-fishing, heartily thanked God that he made me a man, and not a fish, to be devoured by those very creatures that his bounty meant for my sport and recreation.

I will say of this, as Dr. Butler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never

did." And so doubtless God could have ordered all this otherwise, had it pleased his entire goodness; but it never did: and as for those that dare to arraign his providence, I'll meddle with them no farther than to wish them wiser, and to hope that reason and reflection may set them right again.

I find, Mr. Editor, that there now exists, just as in my own days, a great deal of false delicacy, false shame, and false and pretended feeling—and also a false solicitude about brute creatures, which were much better transferred to our own species. There be those that make a merit that they would not hurt even a fly, and who yet make no scruple of wounding a human heart; and who neglect all opportunities of raising a sad soul, and showing mercy to their fellow-men,—to such I am not ashamed again to repeat, "I am not of a cruel disposition,—I love to kill nothing but fish!"

Again: there prevails a most silly notion that the feelings of fishes and insects be quite as acute as those of human beings—even our darling Shakspeare has fallen into this error; but it is not true, as my old friend Dr. Wharton, (a man that dared do any thing rather than tell an untruth,) when alive, could have proved—or any of those learned men, that would have been my friends were I now living, can demonstratively deny, that  
"the poor beetle which we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."—

And I am sorry that so sweet a Poet should have misled the world in so great a matter; indeed, had I lived a little later, to have enjoyed that sweet intercourse with him that I did with other great Poets, not very long after I would have prevailed with him to alter it—for it is not good to lead people into a humour of fancying themselves so much better and wiser than their neighbours.

I knew a man that was so very tender-hearted that, forsooth, he could not eat the flesh of any fowl or rabbit that was bred and fed at his own expense—yet he could greedily devour such delicacies at friends' houses;—nor did he fail to pocket up the money for which his own poultry was sold, when killed and eaten by other people.

I will tell you a pleasant story—it happened to myself, as I once sat on a bank a-fishing:—A certain wicked perch, that had a design upon my bait, (for, as I have already told, fishes do not bite to please anglers, but to please themselves,) was approaching thereto, when, suddenly pulling my line out of the water, I caught him (which made me sorry) by his very eye, which came, to my real grief, clean out of his head—and in this my grief, I think I was to the full as sincere as they that make, as it were, a trade of sorrow—Methinks such men should pray to God to turn them into fishes, that so they might be caught by anglers, or swallowed up by one another, that so we might hear no more of them!—But for this fish, I thought him to be like those soldiers or sailors, that having become maimed, whether in a good or a bad cause, did deserve a relief from all future wars, so I quickly returned him to his natural element, there to abide his chance to meet no more with hook or line;—but mark my wonder, (if not my disdain,) when returning my thus ready baited hook to the water, and with this so singular bait, (i. e. his own eye,) I caught, the next minute, the self same perch, who thus became so like a phenomenon, that he had one eye in his belly and the other in

his head! and after this I did never think much of the over fine feelings of they that would needs be the tender advocates of brute creatures, whilst indifferent to the wants and cares of their fellow-men: doubtless, the world is bad enough, but it is yet too good for these hypocritical wretches that do "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!"

I will conclude with a word of advice to the alphabetical phalanx, whose folly will expand with your wide-spreading pages. Let them leave their lusts and likings—moderate their appetites, and the fisher's "occupation" will be "gone!" But no; they will still persist, and, as I have said elsewhere, be like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. They threaten you, Mr. Editor, for the just character you have given the late edition of your immortal work; but "the curst cow" hath, luckily, "short horns:" and it is well for you, as also for all mankind, that every perch be not a shark, nor every pike a whale!

As for all that relates to my recent editor and truly zealous friend, who knows my very inmost soul; who has turned me, as it were, inside out, and proved that I am graceful in every part; and whom you have so properly termed my "residuary legatee;"—I will only apply to him the complaint which my friend Tom Flatman applied to myself, when, in my nineteenth year, I connected my name for ever with that of a sweet poet, John Chalkhill, to wit, by editing his poem of "Thealme and Cleorebus." Thus shall it be with him who hath both soothed and animated my pensive shade:—

Like Phidias' self, to after times revealed,  
By his own hand stamped on Minerva's shield,  
Whoever adds to my unceasing fame,  
Secures himself an enviable name!  
Renown and honour do I leave my heirs,  
Let other men do as they list by theirs!

ISAAC WALTON.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR JULY.

THE weather during June has been cold and wet, and though in some situations it has added to the bulk of the hay crop, yet on the whole it has been seriously injurious to the farmer. A good deal of hay in most parts of England has been damaged; some in situations liable to be inundated, as in the celebrated Salisbury meadows, totally destroyed as hay, and only fit for manure. Near London it has been very much washed, as the term is, and can only be considered as fit for cows. Fortunately salt is now within the reach of the farmer, and by strewing his ricks, as he builds them, with that article, he will render even a very inferior hay palatable to young stock, and oxen or cows partly fed on green food.

The corn crops have not yet been much injured: wheat is laid in some places, but barley and oats rarely. Beans and pease are more than usually free of the fly, but are in some of the eastern counties a good deal mildewed. It is singular that the weather in Scotland, during June, has been unusually dry; and that hay there, as far as made, has been got in in the best condition. The fear of short straw begins to prevail.

The operations on the arable farm in July depend on the extent to which drilling is practised. If turnips, potatoes, beans, carrots, &c. are grown in this manner, both the horse and hand hoe must be freely applied

during the month. In general, however, July, like June, is a leisure month with the corn farmer: he makes his fallows, collects and carts out dung, brings home lime, and sees to weeding and cleaning hedges and ditches. But there are no operations so peculiar to this month as wheat-sowing is to October, oat-sowing to March, turnips to May, and hay-making and reaping to June and September.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, July 3.—Yesterday, the following Degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Rev. J. W. Fea, incorporated at Magdalen Hall, from Trinity Coll. Dublin.  
*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. W. Wheeler, Magd. Coll.  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. Sneyd, Brasenose Coll. grand compounder; C. Porcher, Esq. Oriel Coll. grand compounder; A. Thomas, Worcester Coll.; Rev. R. Smith, C. Drexil, Scholars of Pembroke Coll.; Rev. W. C. Ribley, Rev. W. Bury, Fellows of New Coll.; Rev. C. Cundy, Rev. H. Gibbs, Lincoln Coll.; W. Beresford, St. Mary Hall; Rev. R. Sneyd, W. Hutchinson, W. H. Walton, Brasenose Coll.; J. Harling, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Kitson, Fellow of Exeter Coll.; C. Ross, Esq. Christ Ch. M.P.; Rev. R. Yarker, Rev. M. C. Bolton, Queen's Coll.; Rev. H. T. Powell, Oriel Coll.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—G. C. Barton, Esq. Christ Ch. grand compounder; J. T. Tamberlain, Esq. Trin. Coll. grand compounder; A. W. Lechmere, J. W. Henry, Pembroke Coll.; J. E. Gray, Christ Ch.; H. J. Passand, St. Alban Hall; J. Horsford, Queen's Coll.; W. Thorpe, Merton Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, July 2.—At a congregation yesterday, the following Degrees were conferred:  
*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Morton, of St. John's.  
*Masters of Arts*.—B. Haworth, Rev. W. Corbett, Trinity Coll.; Rev. J. P. Newby, Rev. J. D. Wintle, St. John's Coll.; H. J. Perry, Jesus Coll.  
*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—M. R. De Mello, Jesus Coll.  
*Bachelor in Physic*.—J. B. Steward, Pembroke Hall.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—G. Chappell, Trin. Coll.; B. Donne, Queen's Coll.

The Annual Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best Dissertations in Latin Prose, were on Monday last adjudged as follows:

*Senior Bachelors*.—"An recentium ingenii vim insitam veterum Poetarum exemplaria promouent?"—H. Thompson, St. John's Coll.; W. H. Marriott, Trinity Coll.  
*Middle Bachelors*.—No Prize adjudged.  
The following gentlemen are elected Barnaby Lecturers for the year ensuing:  
*Mathematical*.—Rev. J. Lodge, M.A. Magd. Coll.  
*Philosophical*.—Rev. E. Bushby, M.A. St. John's Coll.  
*Rhetoric*.—Rev. T. Greene, M.A. Corpus Christi Coll.  
*Logic*.—Rev. H. Kirby, M.A. Clare Hall.

## FINE ARTS.

THE Directors of the British Institution have offered Premiums for finished Sketches of the Battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, with a view of ordering two Pictures to be painted of those subjects, if the Sketches are sufficiently approved. Such Pictures they mean to present to the Governors of Greenwich Hospital, to be placed in the Painted Hall of that Hospital, lately appropriated to the purpose of a Picture Gallery. The Sketches are to be painted in oil, and to be between two feet and two feet six inches high, and between three feet and three feet six inches wide, exclusive of the frames: to be sent to the British Gallery in the course of the month of January 1825.

The Premiums proposed to be given for each Subject are: For the best Sketch, 200l.—For the next best, 100l.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

We have too much of the pictorial in our composition to be methodical,—seldom proceeding in a regular course, and often returning upon our former steps to mark a subject or to drop a hint; and thus instead of taking our leave of the Exhibition from the Model

Academy, we find ourselves again in the great room before the Distant View of Marhatta Country (No. 139,) by W. Westall, A.—a very highly interesting and novel feature of Indian scenery, where all appears striking, grand, and picturesque. We certainly must be in possession of more Views in India than any other country in the world; for, besides the works that slip our notice, we do not remember an Exhibition in which there have not been several.

268. The Milk-maid's Song. T. G. Wainwright, H.—If the subject is not elevated, the figures certainly are, being nearer to the sky than any swains we ever remember to have seen. It is in a style of quaint originality, but seems painted with different ideas of painting from any with which we are conversant.

230. The School-boy. R. Farrier.—"Whistling to keep his courage up," is well expressed, and with the rising moon, owl, and other accompaniments, tells an oft-repeated tale; but all is in keeping with the story, and this is in effect a clever picture.

220. Battle of Shrewsbury. A. Cooper, R.A.—Like the rest of this artist's Battle-pieces, all is full of hurry and destruction; and with every authority for the circumstantiality of the combat, Mr. Cooper's is the best, at least in the knowledge of what relates to a historical representation. We much question if any regular onset would serve the turn of an artist; he must have them tumbled together *pièce-mêlée*.—In point of skill in composition and execution this is equal to any of the artist's former productions.

Again in the Antique Academy, or as we have said, the Artist's Purgatory, we find (No. 455.) Portrait of Thomas Clarkson, M.A. author of the "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," (A. E. Chalon, R.A.) an exceedingly clever performance, and with its accompanying accessories an interesting composition.

460. Portrait of a Gentleman in his Highland Garb, (J. Linnell,) is also highly creditable to the skill of the artist.

543. Portrait. J. Simpson.—Very few portraits are executed with more talent than this in the present Exhibition.

798. Portrait of T. Stothard, Esq. R.A. G. Marshall.—Certainly like, but the features not sufficiently charged.

In the Model Academy, Mr. Kendrick is not so conspicuous as we have seen him; but his works do not discredit his former reputation.

Mr. Turnerelli has a bust of Gall, the craniologist, and we are sure, from the skill of the artist, that every thing has been done that Art could do for this very difficult head. Gall's physiognomy is not very prepossessing; but what is physiognomy to a man of his science? The same Artist has an admirable bust of Dr. Poynter, the Catholic Bishop of London. It is a fine subject.

A Bust of Liston, by Joseph, rather exaggerates his peculiarities. Liston is a droll, but there is intelligence in his drollery, and, even when fooling, mind in his features.

The Countess of Liverpool, by Chastrey, is delicate in sentiment, but in our judgment too much of the lay figure appears.

The Bowler, by Rossi, is rather a praiseworthy attempt to pit modern against ancient gymnastics or sports, than a highly successful composition. If not more characteristic and animated in full size than in the smaller model, the bowl might as well be an apple, and the Bowler Paris.



## THE LATE MR. MUSS.

AN instance of the Royal patronage of the Fine Arts, combined with the exercise of a still more illustrious royal quality, has just occurred. We mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, three weeks ago, Mr. Muss's superb Enamel from Parmegiano, and expressed a hope that it might find a price and a purchaser commensurate to its excellence and advantageous to the artist's family. That hope has been amply gratified; for His Majesty was no sooner made aware of the circumstances than He was graciously pleased to become the possessor of this chef-d'œuvre, and sent fifteen hundred pounds to the afflicted widow of Mr. Muss. Such acts best speak their own praise, and no comment can add to the lustre which they shed round the throne. We record them with heartfelt delight and the strongest feelings of patriotic gratitude.

We should like well to see the Palace farther adorned with Bone's admirable series of Historical Portraits of the Elizabethan age, in the same style of art: they are fit ornaments for that high station—more fit, indeed, than for any private collection, and we should much regret seeing them separated.

*Two Views of Abbotford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott.* Drawn by M. Dewint, from Sketches of E. Blore, F.S.A. Engraved by J. W. Reynold. Rodwell & Martin.

EVERY thing connected with the great man whose residence is here beautifully depicted in near and distant views, must be interesting to that public which he has so widely delighted; and we need only state, that the picturesque mansion where he lives in a manner becoming of his high honours and estimation, is represented in a way to gratify at once the lovers of art and literature.

*Olympia; or, Topography illustrative of the actual State of the Plain of Olympia, and of the Ruins of the City of Elis.* By John Spencer Stanhope, F.R.S. London 1824. Rodwell & Martin.

THE classical interest attached to this subject is as intense as it could be to any within the whole range of ancient literature and history. Elis—Olympia—how many of our ideas of heroism are connected with the names! The dying gladiator, the crowned victor, the horse and the chariot race, the laurelled poet, the immortal sage, all the pomp and circumstance of antiquity in its proudest aspects, are here associated with our recollections of what was taught us in our days of early and delightful study.

To this feeling a grateful tribute is offered in the volume now before us. The maps and plans are admirable, and with the plates, (the whole 16 in number) beautifully engraved, from very interesting drawings. From these, and the observations of Mr. Stanhope, it appears that preceding accounts of the celebrated places in question are to be received with much doubt. Count de Choiseul's hypotheses of the Hippodrome and Aphis are particularly problematical; and the positions assumed by M. de Ponqueville, on his inspection of an hour and three quarters, (!) are far from being established. It is really strange to notice how very apt French travellers are to jump at conclusions: with few exceptions, they are the worst guides that can be imagined to inscriptions, antiquities, and all matters which require patient investigation. We are therefore the more indebted to our author for his minute and accurate survey, the results

of which are represented in a way worthy of the subject and of the British Arts. There are, however, but few remains on the shores of the milky Alpheus, and even the site of Elis itself is bare of prominent ruins.

*The Caricatures of Gilray: with Historical and Political Illustrations, and compendious Biographical Anecdotes and Notices.* No. 1. London 1824, John Miller; Edinb. Blackwood.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," we exclaimed, as we turned from the first of the above publications to the last, which reached us at the same time. But this is the ridiculous which will entertain without impropriety, and convey information and give useful lessons combined with amusement. Gilray, the greatest of caricaturists, only inferior, if inferior, to Hogarth in humour, has found a worthy commentator in the present editor,—the author of those facetious essays entitled *Wine and Walnuts*, and a principal contributor to one of those journals which have been formed on the plan of our *Gazette*. From his pen would naturally be expected curious research and quaint illustration; nor will the reader be disappointed. His anecdotes and remarks render even Gilray a more laughable companion for the half hour before dinner or the winter evening's fireside. Nine or ten parts are expected to complete the work; and when completed, it will be a constant, copious, and agreeable source of recreation to persons of every description.—The dates of the political caricatures, and of those on public events, would be an improvement.

*A Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India.* By Lieut.-Col. Forrest, Bengal, &c. No. 1. London 1824. R. Ackermann.

IT was only the other day, when preparing our last remarks on the Royal Academy for this Number, [see a preceding column,] that we noticed the number of Indian subjects which this country must possess; we were not then aware of the present popular addition to them. These Views, of which six Numbers (each containing four plates) are announced, afford characteristic specimens of Eastern scenery, and are rendered more interesting by the judicious notes of the author, whose information is of the first order. The Views are coloured.

*A Picturesque Tour in Jamaica, &c.* No. 5. By James Hakewill. Hurst & Robinson, and Lloyd.

We have formerly mentioned this design (which probably suggested the above,) with approbation. It is very desirable to have our important colonies so illustrated; for it adds to the general interest felt in them, by making a more direct and deep impression upon the public sense than can be made by mere verbal details. A Bridge over the Rio Cobre, and the foliage about it, is a very pretty coloured engraving in this Number.

## RAPHAEL.

THE *Biblioteca Italiana* mentions the discovery of a first-rate picture, by Raphael, at Milan. It is described to be painted on wood, the figures of the full life size; the subject is, The Virgin in the act of raising a Veil which covers the Infant Jesus sleeping, while St. John the Baptist points to him with an expression of tenderness and joy. The background is a fine landscape, with trees. The history given of this picture is, that it lay neglected and

unknown in a city beyond the sea, in consequence of its having been painted over by an artist of little merit (about the beginning of the 17th century, it is supposed,) who, however, preserved the composition as to the figures, but in lieu of the landscape substituted a mass of frightful clouds and rugged rocks. The foreign family to whom it belonged had always considered it to be a picture of Raphael; and this and other circumstances led to a suspicion of the truth. An experiment on one corner of it was accordingly made, and traces of the original picture were soon discovered. A happy circumstance contributed to facilitate the work, and to render the result of it as complete as could be wished: the picture had been black with dust and smoke when the modern painter ventured to give a specimen of his talent by repainting it; and thus between the original, and the second daub there was a kind of veil or stratum, which prevented the two from uniting together. The zeal of the restorer, after several months' labour, brought this divine picture to the same perfect state as when it left the hands of its immortal author. The composition, the style, the conduct, the effect, the matchless grace, and at the same time the force of the colouring, it is added, are in Raphael's best manner. It is now the property of a Signor Brocca.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIGHTS OF LONDON,  
No. XVI.

THE Anniversary Dinner of that highly useful and flourishing Society, the Horticultural, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 22d ult. Above two hundred noblemen and gentlemen attended, among whom were His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Earls of Carnarvon, Darnley, and Lichester; Lord Calthorpe; the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long, William Huskisson, Thomas Wallace; the President of the Royal Society, &c. &c.—Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. the President, was in the chair.

No public exhibition was made this year previous to the dinner, owing to the unfavourable season, yet we never saw so rich an assemblage of fruit of every sort as the dessert presented. There were pines, grapes, melons, peaches, cherries, and strawberries in the utmost profusion; in fact, every table was covered with the most tempting delicacies which the science of gardening could produce. We were particularly struck with the sight of some fine bananas, which had been ripened in the tropical conservatory in the garden of Messrs. Loddiges, at Hackney.

After the health of the King, the patron of the Society, and the other usual toasts, had been appropriately drunk, Mr. Elliot, the treasurer, on receiving a similar compliment, expressed his readiness to devote his best services to the Society. He called the attention of the members to the garden which had been established: it had, he observed, been considerably advanced, but much yet remained to be done. He, in common with the Council, had hoped that in so large and so wealthy a body of men as now composed the Society, a sum would have been subscribed sufficient for all the purposes required for its formation; and that the early members generally, (who, by the way he would observe, were really deriving advantages more than equal to the amount of their subscriptions) would have been induced to accede very ge-

nerally to the proposal for adding one guinea to their annual subscriptions towards the current expenditure. Although many had come forward in the most liberal way, both with donations and increase of annual subscription, he regretted to state that a large majority of the Society had done neither. He need not point out the necessity there existed for efforts beyond what the regular income of the Society was equal to accomplish, for the creation and support of such an establishment: he trusted that as the garden, as far as it had advanced, had given very general satisfaction, the Fellows of the Society who had not yet come forward would do so, and enable the Council and Committee to complete the whole plan in a way that might do honour, not only to the Society, but to the country at large.

The annual report was read by Mr. Turner, the assistant secretary, from which it appeared that the total number of the Fellows of the Society amounted to 1870. The announcement of this produced great applause.

Mr. Sabine, the secretary, in returning thanks on his health having been given, stated, that however great the labours of his station were, they were lightened by the cordial support which, on all occasions, he received from the President and Council. He dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the increasing numbers and consequence of the Society: it had now attained to that point which he had always hoped it would, though he had hardly expected to see those hopes realized so soon. The objects of the Society were, he observed, *general*—were for the public good, and for no private ends. He adverted to the advantages which were now beginning to accrue to every class of society, from the exertions which had been made, not only to ameliorate the productions of our gardens, but to introduce every thing new and valuable with which the extended correspondence of the Society brought it acquainted in every part of the globe. But the labours of the Society, he observed, were not confined to amend our own garden produce, the most distant parts of the world were beginning to feel the benefits of its friendly assistance—from the North Cape to the most remote corners of India, supplies of seeds and plants had been repeatedly sent, which were now effecting an important improvement in the comforts of the inhabitants. He paid a just compliment to the various departments of His Majesty's Government, to the East India Company, and to the Hudson's Bay Company, for the ready assistance afforded to those servants of the Society who had been sent out as collectors of plants, to various parts of the world, and for the liberality with which the import duties had at all times been readily remitted by the Lords of the Treasury.

Mr. Huskisson returned thanks, on the health of His Majesty's Ministers being given. He fully concurred in what had fallen from his friend, the secretary, as to the public utility of the Society: he dwelt upon the great progress which it had made, not only in numbers, but in public estimation. He felt happy in assuring the Fellows present, that nothing should be wanting, on the part of His Majesty's Ministers, almost all of whom belonged to the Society, to promote its objects and give effect to its endeavours.

The evening was enlivened by Gow's excellent band and by several professional singers, who executed some beautiful and appropriate

glees. The company did not separate till a late hour, and all appeared to be highly gratified by the excellent arrangements which had been made.

The principal contributors to the dessert appeared to be the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Bagot, Sir Charles Burrell, William Atkinson, Esq., Benjamin Benyon, Esq., Peter C. Labouchere, Esq., Philip D. Cooke, Esq., Philip Hurd, Esq., Mr. James Gregson, W. T. Aiton, Esq., Mr. H. Silverlock. There were many others whose names we had not leisure to set down.

LITERARY FUND, at Greenwich! Is this a London sight? Never mind; it was a sight (and disappearance too) of white bait. But before the numerous and social company sat down to their enjoyments, with Lord Torrington in the chair, and Sir W. Clayton, Mr. Sheriff Whittaker, and a number of literary characters to support him, the committee did some good deeds of charity, and sent succour to unfortunate labourers in literature, as well as to widows and orphans.

### Traditions of The Western Highlands.

No. XII.\*

#### THE SECOND-SIGHT.

THIS remarkable faculty, which has been considered peculiar to the Highlanders of Scotland, is generally supposed to have become extinct of late years. This however is an erroneous opinion. If ever it existed in that country, it exists at present. There are many persons now living on the mainland and the Hebrides, who are believed to possess the second-sight as perfectly as their most remote ancestors. This is a subject which has attracted the attention of many; and it is known to all that the celebrated Samuel Johnson was of that number. It is not our intention to enter into any theoretical discussion on this singular power. One remark has struck us in regard to many of those persons to whom it is ascribed, and that is, the peculiar formation or appearance of their eyes. In several instances they squint much; and in a great majority of the cases which have fallen under our observation, the pupils are much dilated, where the eyes are free of other defects. We are by no means disposed to pretend that this accounts for the phenomenon; it is merely mentioned as a fact which we have never seen or heard noticed before.

Many most remarkable instances of the second-sight have occurred in the Highlands of late years, and appear to be as well attested as things of that nature can be.

About twenty years ago, a celebrated seer in the island of Uist was in conversation with the lady of the proprietor from whom he held his small farm. They stood in the porch of the mansion-house of Kilbride, and a near relation of the family happened to be then a visitor there. That gentleman was of a cheerful disposition, and the seer heard him laugh very heartily; on which he sighed deeply, and told the lady that he was afraid her friend would undergo a change within six weeks. The lady was well aware of the virtue universally allowed to this man; but she smiled at his remark, and asked him what he meant by it? With apparent reluctance, and many

expressions of regret, he declared that the person alluded to would soon be drowned, and that his body would be cast ashore, where it would be found on the beach. The lady sneered at the prophecy, but mentioned it to her husband and all the other members of the family. The gentleman was however unfortunately drowned about a month after, in the act of shipping kelp. The ordinary means were used to find his body, but without success: after a storm of wind it was found on the sand, driven ashore, as had been predicted. The above circumstances have been frequently related in our presence by every member of that respectable family; and a hundred predictions, equally remarkable, are told of the same person, whose name is Niel Macinnes.

A few years since, the late Simon Macdonald, of Morar, a fine young man, who had recently succeeded to that estate, on his way to visit a neighbouring gentleman, passed by a cottage on his own property. A boy standing at the door cried out to his parents, that young Morar's face was covered with blood; but as others saw no such thing, the boy's words were of course disregarded. The day following, however, that gentleman was killed by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece, the contents of which lodged in his forehead and face.

A woman in the Island of Tirie was long held in high repute for second-sight; and she was shrewdly suspected of having a very powerful influence over wind and weather, a talent which she sometimes converted to considerable advantage. Two of her sons, who were engaged in illicit traffic with Ireland, had not been heard of for years, and the general opinion was that they had been drowned. The mother asserted that they were alive, and declared that they would yet appear. One of them had left a wife, and the old sybil, on a certain day, advised her to prepare a dinner for her husband, who, she assured her, would, with his brother, arrive at home in time to partake of it. The poor young woman communicated this very improbable idea to her neighbours, who laughed at it; but on that very day the two brothers made their appearance, safe and sound. They had been taken by a ship of war, with their illegal cargo, and retained on board as impressed men, until they found an opportunity for making their escape.

These may suffice to show that the Highlanders of the present day have not degenerated from their forefathers in this wonderful faculty. Few of our readers are perhaps aware that even Englishmen have sometimes been known to acquire the second-sight, by residence in its native country. In the year 1747, Colonel Horsley, an English officer, was quartered at Strontian, a place distinguished by its lead mines. He lodged at an inn, and having by mistake entered another apartment in the house, he saw a corpse lying stretched in a corner of the room: he walked up to it, and after looking at the face, he retired, somewhat surprised that he had not heard of this death. On inquiry, he found that he must have been possessed of a talent of which he was not before aware. The day following, Colonel Horsley observing a boat approaching the shore near this house, and expecting some friends, he went down to receive them, accompanied by other officers, but found the passengers were strangers to him. One of them, however, he declared to be an exact resemblance of the corpse he had

\* For the sake of variety, we occasionally drop and resume the papers which appear as a series in our Numbers.—Ed.

seen the day before. That gentleman slept in the room alluded to, and was found dead next morning, having been seized with an apoplexy: this was Mr. Campbell of Achindun.

*Addenda* to the account of the Sandwich-Islanders in last *Literary Gazette*:—These strangers, who have come so many thousand miles to visit this country, have been, for some time past, confined with the measles, and fears had been entertained of their recovery; but they are now considerably better. The King is an amiable man, of a very strong intellect, and quick in understanding: his manners and address are particularly pleasing, and his general deportment remarkable for propriety, when it is considered that he is a native of a land whose people have no other guide but Nature. His father was a very tyrannical prince, exacting obedience to his commands with great severity; but still his memory is much treasured by the chiefs, who have the date of his death pricked with the juice of a black berry up and down the fleshy part of the arm, thus:

"Our great and good king TAMAHAMA, died May 19, 1819."

On the present king's accession, he abolished the arbitrary measures of his father, particularly those respecting the *ladies*. The tributary chief of Owhyee (brother to the deceased king) however, still retained them, and this produced a sanguinary war, which ended in his defeat and death. Every island has its head chief, but the whole are subject to Rihoh Reho, and his own possessions are supposed to be worth a million and half. He has no vessels of war, but several brigs and schooners, some of them from 100 to 200 tons burthen. Two of them are beautiful vessels,—the Cleopatra's Barge and the Waverley, both purchased from the Americans.

The natives are extremely superstitious, even to childishness; and the anathema of a white man has frequently caused them to pine to death. One of the seamen of L'Aigle, (John Sparks,) had agreed, during the passage, to wash a quantity of linen for Bokey, and for which he was to pay ten dollars; but after the contract was performed, the governor excused himself, asserting that he was a poor man, and unable to discharge the debt. A short time previous to the ship's arrival in England, Bokey's clothes again required ablution, and Sparks was once more applied to under a promise of settling the old demand, and giving a further payment of five dollars for present work. When the job was completed, the five dollars were instantly paid, but the old account still remained unsettled. On the death of the chief (Euago), the sailor went to Bokey, and plainly told him that unless his ten dollars were forthcoming, he would soon follow his countryman to the land of shades. The effect was instantaneous; the ten dollars were produced, and of course the dreaded evil was averted. The fact was, that Euago had been accustomed to mix his dirty linen with his brother chief's, and thus defraud the man by getting his clothes washed for nothing.

[We have just learned from the *Courier* of this evening (Friday,) that the Queen of the Sandwich Islands died yesterday evening, of inflammation.]

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

*Romeo e Giulietta* is an indifferent Opera by Zingarelli, founded upon the celebrated

story of those Italian lovers. The author has re-borrowed the materials of his play from Shakespeare, but he has so distorted them, that the admirers of the immortal Bard would scarcely discover a resemblance even in the story, were it not for the catastrophe, which is the same as in the English tragedy. Pasta and Ronzi de Begnis sustained the principal characters, and were deservedly encoined in the duet of *Dunque, nico bene*, evidently from the admirable manner of their performance, for, the composition itself, like the rest of the music, has little claim to attention. The absurd custom of calling the principal performers before the audience after the conclusion of the Opera, for the purpose of bestowing applause, and receiving in return a *courtesy* or a bow, is becoming more and more frequent. On Saturday, *Romeo and Juliet* were resuscitated from the tomb of the Capulets by the clapping of hands, and, having satisfied their friends of their existence, speedily retired.

We cannot too strongly censure the manner in which the Opera was performed. There was not an actor who did not require the everlasting aid of the prompter, and the voice of the latter was the most audible in the remotest parts of the house, throughout every scene of the play. This, upon the third representation of an Opera, is highly reprehensible.—A new Ballet, entitled *Jadis et Aujourd'hui*, was performed for the second time, and it would not grieve us were it the last. The principal performers had but little to do, and their antiquated costume kept them, for the greater part of the evening, completely in masquerade.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

The Manager of this Theatre, determined, it should seem, to make a powerful stand against the extended season of the Winter Houses, has engaged a Company of singular efficiency, and one that ought to ensure to him the patronage and favour of the public. In addition to his general stock of actors, he has procured the assistance of some of the best vocal talent that is to be found in the kingdom. His establishment now assumes the character it ought always to have borne—that of an "English Opera House;" and we have little doubt but that a successful Season will amply reward the spirit and enterprise he has now displayed.

The opening night was on Saturday last, and on that occasion *The Barber of Seville* was performed in a manner highly creditable to the talents of the persons who were employed in it. Phillips, who has been absent for some years from the metropolis, made his re-appearance in the Count; and, considering that Time—that merciless tyrant, who pays no more respect to monarchs than he does to mimicks—has not been over kind to him, yet we can find little to complain of. His voice still retains a good deal of sweetness, and his style of singing is as pleasing and agreeable as ever. Two or three of the songs he gave very prettily; and, with the exception of the "Bold Dragoon," which, to our apprehension, appeared rather absurd when dressed up as a Serenade, they were very judiciously selected. The next novelty of the evening was the appearance of Miss Harvey, a pupil of Mr. Phillips's, in the part of Rosina. This young lady, it must be acknowledged, has many qualifications that may eventually entitle her to a distinguished

rank in the profession, but at present she has much to learn—or rather, more strictly speaking, she has much to unlearn. Her style is something too florid and ornamental, her execution too elaborate, and her manners and address much more confident than we should naturally expect from so youthful a debutante. These faults, however, a little care and good instruction may quickly remove, and then she will become not only an acquisition but an ornament to the Theatre. Of Mr. Chapman's Figaro we do not think very highly; indeed we have never yet seen any actor upon the English stage who seems to have imbibed the true spirit and meaning of the character: Figaro is the beau ideal of a Valet, and his representation should have many more accomplishments than Mr. Chapman can lay claim to. He is a clever young man, but is by no means equal to a part of so much importance. Bartley's Bartholo was hard, but effective; and the other characters were so well sustained, as repeatedly to call down the approbation of the audience.

A new Pantomime followed, called *Monkey Island*, and, considering the difficulties attending a first representation of pieces of this sort, went off tolerably well. The scenery is good, and there are some excellent tricks in it; and it has likewise the advantage of the Covent Garden Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown—a combination of talent that in such matters has been rarely equalled.

On Tuesday, a new Operetta was announced for representation, called *Military Tactics*; but this novelty, as it was said to be, turned out nothing more than another translation (and a very poor one) of *Les Projets de Mariage*, which appeared at the Haymarket four years ago, under the title of *Match-Making*. It was moreover very badly acted, the performers being not at all fitted for their parts, and being likewise shamefully imperfect. It went off very heavily; and a night or two longer will probably terminate its existence.—The Burletta of *Tom Thumb* was the next piece; but this was also a failure. It introduced us to Master Burke, a young gentleman of five years of age, about as tall as the cock in the last Pantomime, or one of the figures in the Fantoccini. He played "Robin Adair," with variations, upon the violin; and sang, "Is there a heart," and "Be mine, dear Maid," with considerable applause. But we would ask where is all this to end? The world seems now turned topsy turvy and "chaos come again." After such an exhibition, what nurse will dare to lull her babe to sleep with the common lullaby, lest with its infant voice it should drown her homely ditty, or in an agony of horror brain her with its fiddle-stick! Sinclair, pray stay where you are! Braham, "hide your diminished head!" Catalani, retire into solitude! Your glories are eclipsed—your honours tarnished! This is the age of wonders—and until you can get yourselves "ground young" again, and restored to your swaddling clothes, we can have nothing more to say to you!

Abbott, of Covent Garden, has taken the Dublin Theatre upon a seven years' lease; and although we regret extremely the loss of so good an actor and so accomplished a man, yet, if this speculation be for the advancement of his fortune, which of course he thinks it is, we heartily and sincerely wish him success.



## POLITICS.

AN excellent report of the Quarter's Revenue, showing an increase of our national prosperity, is the most cheering feature in the news of the day.—From South America, accounts have been received of a Counter-revolution in Peru, where the Royalists have regained the ascendancy. The reception of our Consuls in all the provinces has been most cordial; and the measure is highly prized.

## VARIETIES.

The Exhibitions, at Somerset House and of the New Company in Suffolk-street, close to-day.

**Lord Byron.**—A medal of Lord Byron, by an Englishman, Mr. Williams, has just been published at Paris.

**Monuments.**—The Monument to the memory of John Kemble is, it is stated, to be erected by Mr. Flaxman, in Westminster Abbey; and to consist of a whole-length statue of the great tragedian in the character of Cato. The design is simple; and we presume the fund raised (in consequence of there being no popular appeal made) was too limited to admit of calling forth the higher talents of the artist.

Mr. Watt's Monument is destined for St. Paul's, and Mr. Chantrey to be the sculptor. Thus after raising national subscriptions for national objects, instead of openly gratifying the national feeling, we have the works placed in corners, whither the people must go on purpose, and where they must necessarily pay to see them. Surely this is not the right course. We should as soon have thought of erecting a steam-engine in a church, as a monument to its inventor, or rather improver.

**Rome.**—The late Duchess of Devonshire, and Baron Von Reden, Hanoverian minister at the Papal court, had set on foot a subscription for engraving a Medal in memory of Cardinal Gonsalvi. It was announced in a prospectus, that two of the most celebrated artists in that department of the art, — Girometti and Cerbara—were to execute the medals, which were to have the bust of the Cardinal, and on the reverse an inscription. The subscription was fixed at a louis-d'or for the bronze, and sixty-two Roman scudi for the gold medal. The sudden death of the Duchess seemed likely to interrupt the plan; but all difficulties were removed by the declaration of the Duke of Devonshire, that he would willingly undertake the direction of it, so far as his stay in Italy allowed. A notice of 17th April states, that the subscription is full, and the artists so far advanced, that the medals may perhaps be ready by the end of June. The first medal, by Girometti, (for there are to be two,) is to have, instead of the inscription on the reverse, an allegory, representing the virtues and talents of the deceased: Minerva, with the Owl and the Serpent, holds in her left hand the spear, and rests the right on the rudder of an antique ship, with the short motto, "*Quo fas et gloria ducunt.*" The second medal, by Cerbara, will have the inscription, as first proposed. It was necessary to make the medals rather larger, so that the gold will cost seventy scudi.

**French Theatres.**—There are in Paris twelve regular theatres, without reckoning places of minor amusement. In the Departments, fifteen theatres, such as those of Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles, Toulon, &c. are constantly open; and there are seventy, the companies belonging to which travel the theatrical circle assigned to them. The total num-

ber of theatres, therefore, is about a hundred, and they employ about three thousand actors and actresses. Four hundred are at this moment at Paris, where they are waiting in hopes that Fortune will favour them with an engagement. If to these three thousand persons we add the authors, the composers, the musicians, the scene-painters, the mechanists, &c. &c. it will be found that at least fifteen thousand persons live by the theatre. In this estimate the poor and the sick in hospitals, to whom a tenth of theatrical receipts is appropriated, are not included. It is not surprising therefore that government watches over and protects a description of industry which at the same time contributes to the glory of our literature, spreads the use of the French language, procures a rational amusement for various classes of society, and supports so many families.—*French Paper.*

**Mechanism.**—A watchmaker in the Netherlands, of the name of Hannequart, has obtained from the Government of that country a patent for fifteen years for a new machine which he has invented, and which he describes as superior to the steam-engine, both in economy and in safety.

## Rejoinder to Epigram in Literary Gazette of 3d July.

Dick's landladies did hold him dear,  
Who for their rent did cry:  
You say, he held the ladies cheap—  
The lodgings cheap, say I. SMOOT.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

THE early Reviews of new works which appear in the *Literary Gazette*, are rather unfairly attempted to be represented as affecting the integrity of these notices; whereas the fact is susceptible of a very obvious, a very plain, and a far more candid and just explanation. The truth is simply this: The *Gazette* notoriously enjoys the most general and useful circulation of any literary work in Europe,—its form rendering it readily transmissible to every part of the world. We may add, without vanity, that its entire independence of all Book-sellers, and its impartiality for the Editor has never given but one instruction to his associates:—"*state the truth, and nothing else, no matter who are the parties concerned.*" have given a weight to its opinions such as never could have been attained by other means. It is very natural under these circumstances (and with a very extensive intercourse) that Authors, Publishers, Artists, &c. should be anxious to have their productions made known to the public as soon as possible through such a medium; and the consequence is that our depositaries are laden with the first presentations, not of this or that individual, but of nearly every person engaged in these pursuits. This, therefore, can in no case be a bribe to bias us; and we aver with perfect good faith, that the only rule we have ever acted upon is to notice those things as speedily as we can which seem to us best to merit attention, and where we cannot speak well of them, to pause at least till that time is past within which our remarks would create a premature prejudice. Such are simply the *secrets of the Literary Gazette*; to which no interest whatever but a sense of what is due to the public and ourselves, has dictated, or can dictate one syllable.

The Vice Chancellor has granted an Injunction against the publication of the advertised Private Correspondence of Lord Byron. His Lordship's remainders, we observe, to be carried from London to Newstead Abbey, for interment, on Monday.

Captain Franklin's two Voyages are among the last Parisian translations published from the English, which seems to supply one half of the literature of France.

**The Hermit in the Country.**—A new volume of *L'Ermitte en Province*, by M. Jouy, comprehending a description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Normandy, and containing a great many plates and vignettes, has been published at Paris.

A translation of the Prize Essay on the Spirit and Tendency of Bible Societies, by G. De Felice, is in the press: from the French, by William Youngman.

Also, a volume of Plain Sermons, chiefly for the use of Seamen, by the Rev. Samuel Maddock, Vicar of Bishop's Sutton, and Ropley, Hants.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, are about to appear.

Mr. Charles Mills, author of "*The History of the Crusades*," &c. &c. is engaged on a History of Chivalry, for next season.

Essay on the Beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure, by R. A. Slaney, Esq. is in the press.

Colonel Hawker has nearly ready for publication, illustrated by plates, instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting; Difference between the Flint and Percussion System; Preservation of Game; Getting Access to all kinds of Birds; &c. &c.

*Les Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, long expected, are at length published; the author M. Faurel. The poetry is strictly national, and exhibits all the energy and the peculiar features of the people.—*Paris Letter.*

More poetic offerings on the tomb of Lord Byron. M. Ubric Gattiniger, known in the literary world by a collection of poems, has published a *Dytheramb*, which promises to be useful to his rising reputation.—*Id.*

An important historical work is coming out, from the pen of M. de Barante: it is *The History of the Dukes of Burgundy*. The first two volumes have appeared, and the work is to extend to twelve. Ladvocat, it is said, has given 48,000 francs for the copyright. The volumes have only about 300 pages, and the size of the paper is octavo, the printed page is only duodecimo, and the price is 8 francs!!!—*Id.*

**Spain.**—A new edition has recently been published at Madrid, of the novel of Coraelia Bororquia, with the following epigraph: "*Guerra es la fuerza, servidumbre, muerte es el nuestro deber. La altivez es la omisión de un contrario es un opprobrio. O yo perrezo, ó mi enemigo cayga.*"—"War without truce! servitude, death, are our duty. Alliances, friendship with an enemy is an opprobrium. Either I will perish, or my foe shall fall." It will be seen by this epigraph, the whole of which we have copied, because it is quite in the Spanish taste, that this work has not been composed with the mildest feelings. It is no doubt, because it flatters the prevalent passions in Spain, that it has run through several editions in one year; for we cannot observe any thing remarkable either in the invention or in the style. The author declares that he has merely developed an historical passage in Langie's Travels in Spain, and in the History of the Inquisition of Limbora and Marsolier. The heroine of the novel is the daughter of the Marquis de Bororquia, the governor of Valencia, who, it is said, was publicly burnt in the Square of Seville, because she had refused to yield to the infamous desires of an archbishop.

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July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 1	from 47 to 73	29.80 — 29.68
Friday..... 2	52 — 71	29.50 — 29.55
Saturday..... 3	56 — 67	29.55 — 29.57
Sunday..... 4	52 — 69	29.58 — 29.83
Monday..... 5	47 — 73	29.93 — 29.81
Tuesday..... 6	48 — 64	29.86 — 29.79
Wednesday..... 7	54 — 69	29.82 — 29.77

Generally cloudy; much rain. Rain fallen .985 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

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